THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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NEGLECTED BEAUTY.

Scenes that Outrival Those of Loch Katrine and Ben Lumond Found in Connemara.

Killarney not the Only Beauty Spot to be Found on the Breast of Ireland.

The Glories of Kylemore.

KYLEMORE PASS.

Some two and a half miles from Letterfrack is a picturesque bridge crossing the river Dawross, which flows below through bending branches of trees. Here the country opens out somewhat, and from the bridge is caught the first view of the pass of Kylemore, so surprisingly beautiful that its beauty must be seen and felt—it cannot be described. A valley, wide and level, and flooded with sunshine, to the left a tall mountain rises sheer out of a calm lake at its base; the sides of this mountain are thickly wooded half way up, and the other half bare and glistening with a hundred streamlets that flow from their source above. Standing out of the wood—contrasting sharply to the dark green of the pines—is a castle built of white stone, and a little further down the banks of the lakes rises the spire of a beautiful memorial chapel, built by the owner of the place in memory of his wife. On the right of the road in a crescent-shaped sweep, the Diamond Mountain and others of the Twelve Pins lift their heads, their bare, craggy sides beautified by an ethereal blue mist, like a soft veil thrown over, yet in no way hiding, them. And so does the valley wind and twist that all these mountains seem to move and shift, now in, now out, the one that a few minutes ago was in front now peeps over the necks of two others. Then the contrast of color, light and shade, baffles description. The blue heights, the dark wood (from which—Coil-mo, Kylemore, or big wood—the place takes its name), the white castle and church, the lake, black with shadow in parts, sparkling like diamonds where it catches the light; above and around, and penetrating everything, the vivid gold of the sunshine—all make an entrancing world that, once seen and felt, will be loved for ever.

Here, too, are the lovely gardens of Kylemore Castle; and through the woods wild flowers and heaths—the white Mediterranean heath against them—with ferns to delight all who are happy enough to have time to linger. But I think few who come here will care too much to look at the hothouses and gardens—beautiful as they are, they are almost out of keeping with such grand nature, and the people of the country seem never to tire of repeating: "Barring the Castle and the gardens, every earthly thing here is as God made it—it's all nature; nothing artificial in our country."

Of the numerous woods that once shaded and made part of the wealth of Connacht, this of Kylemore is the only one left in this part of the country. It is one of the peculiarities of the scenery throughout the

WESTERN IRISH HIGHLANDS

that the absence of trees is not felt as if it were a loss, or as if it marred the perfection of the landscape. It is with surprise one suddenly remembers that, with the exception of the fuschia hedge, or a few straggling shrubs or bushes along the roadsides, no trees have been seen for miles and miles, but they were not missed.

Mr. Mitchel Henry is a wealthy Manchester trader who, years ago, purchased this lovely place. He was member for county Galway for a time, until his determined opposition to the National movement caused him to lose his seat in parliament, but Mr. Henry's political differences with the people do not cause them to speak less kindly of them as a landlord and neighbor. "No better man in the country, if only he never went in for meddling with politics."

Three miles of this mountain pass—ever varying, ever lovely, and where an exquisite panorama gives a last view of lake, road and mountain. Close to this place is a little lodge, once used as a hotel, and now owned by Lord Ardilaun, son of Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, the great brewer of Dublin. From the little lodge we got two new passengers, a sportsman and his dog, Shot. Poor Shot was supposed to run behind all the way to Leenanew, but he evidently had had a hard morning's work on the moors, and was dead beat. He lagged behind until his master's angry whistle brought him up, then he appealed with his soft eyes to every passenger in turn, but the master, perched snugly on the box seat, thought the brute could trot along well enough. However, one word to Martin was enough; he pulled up and said he could go no further until the dog was taken on the car. So Shot was eagerly welcomed, and took his place on the footboard, laid his head on a new friend's knee, and seemed thoroughly pleased with his "lift."

With the end of Kylemore Pass we bid adieu to the Twelve Pins and emerge on the shores of

KILLERY HARBOR,

a narrow inlet of the sea, running inland for ten miles, and whose shores almost equal Kylemore in romantic scenery. To the south of Killery are mountain pathways, leading in among deep valleys and precipices, and by the shores of Lough Fee; steep and rocky gorges and passes vieing with each other in wildness and grandeur. Of these the most famous is the Pass of Salruck, a defile that appears as if made by the splitting in two of a huge rocky mountain, and forms one of nature's stupendous funnels through which to view the shining waters, where island behind island gives an idea of a vast land-locked bay, at the extremity of which the island of Inishturc seems only like a cloud on the horizon.

In among those almost unknown glens and heights are strange old places of pilgrimage—holy wells and ancient burial grounds where many and many a station is held at the various seasons for the celebrations of Patterns, mostly at St. John's Eve, or in July or August. But many of these stations no longer attract the crowds who once went to the Pattern; the clergy disapproved of the amusements sometimes resorted to when the devotions were over, so that now "station" is usually no more than the simple act of pious individuals who go alone, or in twos or threes, to pray at some holy well or church.

The scenery all along the shores of Killery Harbor is strikingly grand. The road is high above the bay, which is in general about a mile, sometimes but half a mile, wide, and which, though flanked on either side by lofty mountains, is sunny and smiling as a blue Italian sea. Here and there, as the road winds, a glimpse is obtained of an immense stretch of sea, land and precipice. We are surrounded by mountain ranges; to the north, the Fenimores; to the east, the noble Partry range; away to the west, Renvyle, above whose head, and to the north of Killery, the giant of Connemara, Muilres, overlooks all, land and ocean; Maamturc rises to the south, while to the southwest are the now distant Twelve Pins, their many graceful peaks shining a silvery blue, cut out clear and distinct from the sky.

THERE WAS BUSY LIFE ON THE BAY

as we passed along, for the Killery herrings, noted for their great size, were jumping in shoals in the water, and every man and boy who could spare an hour was out reaping this harvest. On the white strand a flock of sea-gulls walked about, darting now and again into the waves as the fish rose; a number of little boys, out on their own account, were having a merry fishing party, and the whole scene looked indescribably bright and happy on that sunny autumn day as we neared Leenane, at whose picturesquely situated hotel everyone stops for luncheon—a cosy, old-fashioned sort of high-tea, with which we had hot home-made scones and a huge dish of the herrings fresh out of the bay.

This is another delightful resting place on the journey—one where it would be charming to stop (as many do) for a good long while, making excursions into the Joyce country, which lies behind Leenane mountain, at whose foot the hotel is built—to Delphi, on the shore of Lough Fin; by sea to Salruck, Renvyle, and the islands at the mouth of the bay; to Aasleagh waterfall and lake, the latter about two miles from the hotel. In fact, Leenane is a central point from which to take some of the most charming walks, drives, and boating excursions in the whole of Connemara and Mayo. Inland to Lough Mask and Lough Corrib the country is rich in every variety of soft and pleasing, or wild and bold, scenery.

Leenane in the winter time must be a desolate, wild spot, as isolated—except on Sundays, when the peasantry flock in crowds to the little white church beside the bay—as was Crusoe's island. But in sunny summer time it is, like all resting places on this tour, all one could desire. Perfect isolation can be had by those who want to enjoy the beauties of nature alone; while for those who like to combine such pleasure with some of the life of the outer world, there is plenty of variety in the frequent goings and comings of tourists and sportsmen, who make cheerful life and stir about the neighborhood.

AS WE WATCHED THE FISHERMEN

casting their nets in the bay, and looked around the sunlit valley and mountains, over to lofty Y-Art, at whose base stand three lonely, roofless houses, which have stood thus since the terrible years of the great famine, a young woman came up carrying in her arms a child such as Murillo would have loved to paint. The woman stopped to reply to some question about the neighborhood, but in reality that we might admire the little child. One of our traveling companions, sure of giving pleasure to the mother, said, "What a lovely infant!" to which another hastened to give the correct response, "It is, God bless it." But this was not enough—the young woman curtsied, and looked so earnestly from the child to the gentleman and back again, that he, thinking she was begging, offered her a sixpence. "That's not it, your honor," she said, "that's not it." "What is it then?" She made no reply, but an appealing look at us, as if too timid herself to explain that, as he had passed a remark on her child, he must say "God bless it"—for among our peasantry it is not considered right to remark on anything, especially any living creature that is considered a gift or a blessing from God, without adding a prayer for His blessing on it. It seemed at first as if the foreigner was ashamed to comply with the simple request, but, after a moment's pause, he gently put his hand on the little head and repeated the "God bless it," with such evident feeling that the woman caught his hand and kissed it with the grace that always accompanies a truly natural act. The stranger afterwards asked an explanation of this custom and of the various salutations of the people, and, far from treating them lightly, agreed that there is something beautiful and elevating in the daily use of such Christian words, one to another.

BEFORE LEAVING LEENANE

our coachman came to warn his now old friends not on any account to remove their belongings from the side of the car on which he had just settled them, for "those four tourists—commercial travelers they must be—had luggage the like of which had never before been seen on a tourists' car! But they were bringing their own punishment on their backs, for all the fine country from this out was on our side, and not a ha'porth would one of them see but the high walls of the Devil's Mother and the rest of the Partry range."

And indeed it was true. Such a pile of baggage as was gradually heaped upon the car was a veritable caution to travelers, and certainly was a most selfish appendage to tourists who would not charter a vehicle all to themselves. For were it not for the coachman's forethought, nothing, as he said, but the walls of the Devil's Mother and other high mountains could have been seen, for nearly the entire way to Westport, by those others who had only the smallest possible amount of trappings.

If I might here offer an advice to ladies making country tours, where they do not expect to be invited to a series of balls and dinner parties along the route, I would suggest that, for their own and everyone else's comfort, the very best thing to do is to provide a well made and becoming (there is no need to make a guy of one's self when traveling) costume of some light, soft woollen material that will not crumple or show the dust; a good-sized bonnet box will hold a pretty bonnet or hat for church and town wear, a handsome pair of gloves and do of slippers; some lace and ribbons, which, with the roadside ferns and flowers, will be quite enough toilet for hotel dining; a few toilet necessaries and changes of linen. These, with a strap to hold a good, warm cloak or wrap, an umbrella and sketching block, will give all that is needful, and yet leave peace and ease of mind—and never interrupt the view of fellow-travelers.

A little further on than Leenane is the head of Killery Bay, and here, on a pretty bridge, the coach stops to give travelers a last, long look far out along the thread of blue water, and through the vast telescope formed by the ever present, but never monotonous mountains, on, on towards the widening sea. The scenery is stupendous in its solemn grandeur, and is well worthy of being, as it is, the last scene in Connemara; for with the bridge, under which the river Owen Erriff flows into the sea, we leave behind us the county Galway, and enter into the almost equally fine scenery of the county Mayo.
—*Mary Banim in Dublin Freeman.*

CAVALRY SHERIDAN!

BY G. H. BOKER.

Sheridan, Sheridan, cavalry Sheridan!
Him of the horses and sabres I sing.
Look, how he drove them!
Look, how he clove them?
Sabred, belabored, confused and confounded,
The whole rebel rout, as they fell back, astounded,
At the fierce stride and swing
Of our men galloping.
Shouting with vengeance, roaring with laughter,
Cheering with victory as they plunged after
Sheridan, Sheridan, cavalry Sheridan!

Ah, fair Shemandoah, thou nest of the robber,
How stands the count with thy people today?
Where is the fire now,
Showing thy ire now,
Blazing, while gazing with fear and amazement,
As on it swept swiftly from door-post to casement.
Weeping with pale dismay,
Stood maids and matrons gray?
Has it not spread to thy end of the valley?
Did it not follow thee in thy grand sally,
Sheridan, Sheridan, cavalry Sheridan!

Chambersburg, Chambersburg, smouldering Chambersburg,
Sit in thy ruins, content with thy lot!
Lo, thy despoiler,
Snared by the toiler,
Retreated defeated—torn, pierced, slashed with gashes—
And what thy homes were, now their bodies are—ashes!
Oh, be thy griefs forgot;
Every bright laureled spot
On thy fair hillsides wait matron and maiden
With chaplets of glory, to welcome and laden
Sheridan, Sheridan, Cavalry Sheridan!

O Early, mad Early, thou ruthless invader,
Where are the troopers who followed thy raid?
Look at their corses'
Soldiers and horses
Whiten and brighten, with bones shining grimly,
On all the wide plains they rode over so trimly.
What has the raven said?
Where has the red fox preyed?
What is the high-sailing buzzard declaring,
In Richmond's white upturned face, of thy wayfaring,
Sheridan, Sheridan, Cavalry Sheridan?

Sheridan, Sheridan, Calvary Sheridan,
When thou shalt come to thy people again,
Crowns we shall twine for thee;
And the ripe wine for thee.
Flashing and splashing from goblet and beaker,
Shall whirl round the lips of the eloquent speaker,
As he essays in vain
Homage to make it plain
How the great heart of the jubilant nation
Swells towards thy own in its full admiration,
Sheridan, Sheridan, Cavalry Sheridan!

D. O'Donovan Rossa, Jeweler.

"Mr. D. O'Donovan Rossa, whose name and face are familiar to the people of Rochester, N. Y., and the surrounding country," says the Rochester *Post-Express* of recent date, "has gone to Chicago to open a branch house of the firm of Rossa & Nolan. The firm is known as the originator of the instalment jewelry business, and its trade has become so immense that it was decided to establish a branch in the great western metropolis. Mr. Rossa carries with him the best wishes of his many friends in Rochester, who hope for him all the success in Chicago to which his good qualities and business ability entitle him." THE CITIZEN announces with pleasure that Mr. Rossa has carried out his intention, and that his jewelry store is situated at No. 169 West Madison street, where honest goods at reasonable prices, and on easy terms, are offered for sale. The store is open evenings, as well as during the day. Diamonds, gold and silver watches, fine jewelry and silverware of all descriptions, are sold on small weekly, or monthly, payments. Purchasers have the use of the goods while paying for them. Call and see Rossa, the original instalment jeweler.

ROMAN ECHOES.

Impressive Scenes In and Around the Papal Court.

Opening of the Public and Private Consistories.

The New Cardinals.

[*Roman Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.*]

THE PAPAL COURT.

On Monday his Holiness was pleased to hold two consistories, the one public and the other secret, in the apostolic palace of the Vatican. The public consistory was to give the cardinal's hat to their Eminences, Francis Maria Benjamin Richard, archbishop of Paris, Joseph Alfred Foulon, archbishop of Lyons, and Francis of Paul Schonborn, archbishop of Prague, created and published, as your readers are already aware, on May 24, last year. His Eminence Peter Lambert Cardinal Goossens, archbishop of Malines, did not come to Rome as was announced and expected. With this object their Eminences betook themselves to the Sistine Chapel 9:30 a.m., where the usual pieces of music were admirably executed by the singers of the pontifical choir. Here in the presence of the members of the Sacred College, the heads of the various religious Orders, the Camerlengo and vice-chancellor of the Holy Roman Church and the Camerlengo o. the Sacred College of Cardinals, the new cardinals took the oath according to the apostolic constitutions. His Holiness then descended with the members of the pontifical court into the hall of vestments whither the members of the Sacred College had gone to await his coming, together with the vice chancellor of the Holy Roman Church, the general auditory of the Holy Roman Apostolic Church, the patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, various colleges of the Roman prelates, the officers and chamberlains of the pontifical household, together with the secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, the promoter of faith, the consistorial advocates and others accustomed to be present at the solemn pontifical functions.

OPENING OF THE PUBLIC CONSISTORY.

Here the Holy Father put on the sacred vestments, and having ascended the gestatorial chair in the Ducal hall, flanked on either side by the gigantic ostrich fans, or flabelli, preceded, surrounded and followed by the above mentioned persons, the solemn cortege proceeded to the Aula Regia, or Royal Hall, where the Pope mounted the throne and opened the solemn ceremony of the public consistory. Whilst the cardinals presented an act of obedience to the Holy Father, the singers of the papal choir sang some appropriate pieces of music, after which the new cardinals, having been led into the Royal Hall by the cardinal deacons, prostrated themselves at the feet of his Holiness. They then kissed his hand and foot, after which the Pope embraced them in turn, kissing them on both cheeks. Having afterwards embraced each of their confreres of the Sacred College, they proceeded to take their seats among them; returning almost immediately to the pontifical throne, they received from the hands of his Holiness, with the usual formalities, the cardinal's hat. During this interesting and imposing ceremony, the consistoral advocate, Com. Guido Marucchi, delivered a discourse for the second time in support of the cause of beatification and canonization of the Venerable Vincent Palloti, of the Roman secular clergy, after which the Holy Father rose to his feet and blessed all those present from the throne, and then, descending, returned in the midst of the Sacred College of Cardinals, among whom were the new members and the rest of the members of the papal cortege, being carried in the gestatorial chair to the Ducal Hall, and then to that of the vestments, whence, having doffed the sacred vestments, the Pope returned his own apartments, surrounded by the members of his court. In the meanwhile the cardinals filed in procession to the Sistine chapel, preceded by the members of the papal choir, singing the Ambrosial hyma, after which his Eminence Cardinal Monaco La Valletta, as dean of the Sacred College, recited the prayer Super Creatos Cardinales, and in leaving the chapel the new cardinals received another embrace from their colleagues.

THE PRIVATE CONSISTORY.

After the public consistory, a private one took place in the secret consistory hall, in which his Eminence Cardinal Laurenzi, having terminated his term of office as chancellor of the Sacred College, presented the usual burse to the Holy Father, who then passed it on to Cardinal Melchers, thus constituting him chancellor for the next year of office. The Pope then, having closed the mouths of Cardinals Richard, Foulon, and Schonborn, according to custom, pronounced the allocution referred to in a previous issue, at the end of which he created and received *in petto* two cardinals of the Holy Roman Church. He then preconized sixty-two new archbishops and bishops, among whom were the two for England, already notified to your readers by my telegram of last week. The Holy Father then opened the mouths of the three above-mentioned cardinals, and granted the pallium to the Patriarch of Jerusalem, of the Latin rite, and the metropolitan churches of Urbino, Seville, Valladolid, Monaco, Fristinga, and Toronto. Finally the supreme pontiff placed the cardinal's ring on the new cardinals, and assigned to Cardinal Richard the priestly title of the Church of Sta. Maria in Via; to Cardinal Foulon that of St. Eusebius; and to Cardinal Schonborn, that of SS. John and Paul. After returning to his private apartments the Pope received the three cardinals in private audience. From the above account it will be seen that the telegram transmitted to Reuter's by the Stefani agency rather confused the proceedings, mixing up both consistories into what they were pleased to call a private consistory. But to return to the papal court. His Holiness has been pleased to assign the following congregations to the new cardinals: To Cardinal Richard, archbishop of Paris, that of bishops and regulars, rites, the index and indulgences; to Cardinal Foulon, archbishop of Lyons, the propaganda, rites, studies, and consistory; to Cardinal Schonborn, archbishop of Prague, councils' rites, studies, and ceremonies.

THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

On Sunday the pontifical audiences were continued for the diplomatic corps accredited to the holy see, when the Pope received his Excellency John Baptist da Silva Ferraro de Carvalho Martens, extraordinary ambassador and honorary minister of state of Portugal; Comm. D. Leonida A. Larros, charge d' affaires of Equador; and the charge d' affaires for the heme affairs for Belgium.

KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

On Wednesday, New Year's Day, the Holy Father received in a particular audience his Eminence the prince grand master of the sovereign order of the Knights of Malta, accompanied by three knights, the delegates of Austria, Spain and Portugal, accredited to his sovereign court, and three chamberlains, all in gala uniform. His Holiness was pleased to receive the good wishes which the grand master and the knights offered him for the New Year and addressed them with words of paternal benevolence. After the pontifical audience the grand master accompanied by his attendant knights and chamberlains paid a visit of ceremony to his Eminence Cardinal Rampolla, secretary of state to his Holiness.

MGR. DUNAJEWSKI AND MGR. HAIS.

On Friday, Jan. 3, the Pope was pleased to receive in audience Mgr. Dunajewski, bishop of Cracoria, and Mgr. Hais, bishop of Koniggraiz, in Bohemia.

OBITUARY.

MR. RICHARD BUCKLEY.

The Hon. William Buckley, state representative and retired Captain of the police force of this city, has been sadly stricken in the death of his only son, Mr. Richard Buckley, who died at the family residence, No. 151 Fifty-fourth place, on Thursday morning of last week. Deceased, who had been suffering from what the best doctors considered a variety of heart disease, was only in his twenty-third year, and gave promise of a bright future, if God had been pleased to spare him. Few, if any, of his immediate friends expected a fatal termination of his illness, and his father and only sister, Mrs. Burke, are overwhelmed by the depth of their great sorrow. The young man was brought up in the strictest principles of Catholicity and passed away fortified by the sacraments of that faith in which he was ever an ardent believer. All who knew Richard Buckley in life sincerely lament his premature death, and deeply sympathize with the bereaved surviving members of his family.

The funeral occurred on Saturday morning from the house to St. Thomas' church, which was densely thronged by mourners, who assembled there to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the memory of one whom they had loved and admired when living. High mass of requiem was offered up by the Rev. Father Power, of Spring Valley, Ill., a cousin of the deceased, assisted by other clergymen. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Carroll, pastor of St. Thomas' parish, who did full justice to the Christian virtues of the deceased, taking his text from John, ch. v, 29 v. "And they who have done good shall come forth unto the resurrection of life, but they who have done evil to the resurrection of judgment." Father Carroll said that the text quoted was in itself a lesson to the living. God had never failed to give Christians a lesson in life. Mankind were only too apt to place their thoughts on things of this world alone. Some men were ambitious to secure wealth, while others sought after place and power—neglecting the things which pertained to everlasting life. They, too, often forgot the divine interrogation, "What shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The soul, emancipated from its tenement of clay, must return to the God who gave it, to come back again in the Day of Judgment to the body of the just man, which, purified by death and resurrection, shall be fitted to worthily receive it. If the soul should appear at the judgment throne stained by sin, it must suffer for the deeds committed in the flesh. When the soul was properly prepared to meet God, death was not a calamity but a blessing.

The young man whose lifeless clay was there before them had conducted himself during his short life in an exemplary manner, had attended faithfully to the duties of his religion, and had manifested his profound respect for the commandments of God and the church. He had truly maintained the faith and fought the good fight, and, under the mercy of God, he would enter upon his reward in the light and the glory of a blessed immortality in the kingdom which shall not pass away.

At the conclusion of the sermon, the beautiful service for the dead was read above the remains, which were then reborne to the hearse by the following pallbearers; Messrs. S. A. Sanders, James W. Sanders, William Meehan, John Clare, John W. Keyes, and Thomas A. Reardon.

The cortege, which comprised one hundred and fifty carriages, carrying a number of prominent citizens and their families, then reformed and escorted the honored relics to Calvary cemetery, where they were laid to rest.

MR. THOMAS FOGARTY, TIPPERARY.

Mr. Thomas Fogarty, one of the best known farmers in the southern portion of Tipperary, Ireland, died at his residence, Kilfeacle, within three miles of Tipperary town, on Jan. 2, aged about 75 years. Mr. Fogarty was a good Irishman and a devoted member of the Catholic church. Throughout his long and honorable life, he was a sterling Irish patriot, and did all that lay within his power to advance the cause of liberty and of humanity. He was the father of seven children, five boys and two girls, all of whom have grown to maturity. The eldest son, John, died in this city some years ago; and the second, William, is still a resident of Chicago, and has occupied the honorable and responsible positions of deputy sheriff and superintendent of streets. One of the daughters is a Sister of Charity, at Des Moines, Ia., and two sons and a daughter remain in Ireland. The funeral of Mr. Fogarty occurred on Jan. 4, and was one of the most largely attended that Tipperary has witnessed in years. People of all creeds, classes and conditions came to attest their respect for an honest and patriotic Irishman, in whose family patriotism has been hereditary for generations. The interment occurred at the ancient churchyard of Kiloldruff, near the historic town of Cahir. *Requiescat in pace.*

MR. TIMOTHY O'BRIEN, OF LOCKPORT.

Mr. Timothy O'Brien, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Lockport, Ill., died at that place on Monday, Jan. 20. He was born in Upper Ormond, Tipperary, Ireland, seventy-six years ago, and came to America in early manhood. He had resided in Lockport since 1848, and took a prominent part in every movement having for its object the freedom of his native land. He was treasurer of the Will county Fenian Brotherhood during the Canadian troubles, and did all that lay in his power to make the movement successful. Mr. O'Brien married several years ago, Miss Gleeson, daughter of Michael Gleeson, of Millbrook, county Tipperary, whose family was always distinguished for intelligence and patriotism. The funeral occurred on Jan. 23 from the residence to the Catholic church, where requiem mass was celebrated. Several friends from Chicago, among whom were Patrick Moylan, Thomas Gleeson, John Gleeson, Hugh Gleeson, James Madden and James Bahan, attended the funeral, and some acted as pall-bearers. The interment was in the Lockport Catholic cemetery. Mr. O'Brien's widow survives him but he leaves no children. No citizen of Lockport, who has died in recent years, is more generally mourned. May he rest in peace.

MR JAMES CARLIN.

Mr. James Carlin died at his residence No. 90 Cypress street, on Jan. 16, in the 48th year of his age. Mr. Carlin was a native of Rathmore, county Meath, Ireland, and came to Chicago twenty-five years ago. No more genial and lovable Irishman ever came to the United States. He was possessed of a kindly and warm-hearted disposition and fine commanding presence, and was a splendid representative of vigorous and stalwart manhood. He dearly loved his far-famed native county, and its renowned Tara Hall, where now, alas, "sleeps the pride of former days," but where in the chivalrous times of Brian and Malachi, the magic sounds of sweet and incomparable Irish song and minstrelsy charmed the minds and hearts of monarchs, bards, and "chiefs and ladies bright," and kindled in the hearts of the people a never dying flame of pure unbending nationalism. Mr. Carlin earnestly desired to see dear old Hibernia clothed in the cherished garb of untrammelled nationhood, and if he lived to behold so grand a consummation he would reverently join in a national Te Deum. Mr. Carlin's devoted wife, who is grief-stricken, survives him, also a refined and estimable family of one son and four daughters—to guide whom in the ways of religious truth and honor, it was his care and delight. Their sorrow is marked and sincere and it is claimed that few fathers better deserved filial honor and love.

Mr. Carlin filled a responsible position for twenty years with the West Division Railway Company, and was for several months preceding his death a special officer on duty in the City Hall. The remains were taken to St. Charles' church, where Father Cunningham preached an impressive funeral sermon, commending the virtues of the deceased and expressing the hope that eternal bliss would be the reward of his exemplary life. The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers: Messrs. M. C. McDonald, F. Dubis, Joseph Feely, Patrick Feely, James Collins, Bernard Murray, Laurence Brennan, Patrick O'Brien and James Clerkin. The interment was at Calvary, where all that was mortal of a useful and patriotic citizen was laid to rest in the presence of a large concourse of sorrowing friends and relatives. May his soul enjoy eternal peace and happiness. J.W.M.

MRS. ELLEN O'CONNOR.

Mrs. Ellen O'Connor, *nee* Lynch, a native of county Clare, Ireland, died on the 20th ult. at her residence, No. 43 Gault place. The funeral occurred on the morning of the 23d from the house to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, where the Rev. Father Perry celebrated requiem mass, after which the remains, escorted by a large cortege, were taken to Calvary cemetery for interment.

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THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 1, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — "The Gondoliers."

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—Primrose & West's Minstrels.

COLUMBIA THEATRE,
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Wilson Barrett.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE,
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—E. H. Sothern.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Francis Wilson.

HAYMARKET THEATRE,
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union —'Zag-Zag."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE,
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Shadows of a Great City."

JACOB'S CLARK STREET THEATRE,
Corner of North Clark and Kinzie Streets—"The Galley Slave."

NATIONAL PANORAMA,
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

PANORAMA—NAVAL BATTLE,
Michigan ave., between Madison and Monroe streets—The great naval battle between the Monitor and Merrimac.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

CALL THE CONVENTION.

Two newspapers of this city, alleged to be Democratic, have been, of late, very severe on the Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly, Treasurer of the Irish National League in this country. THE CITIZEN is certain that not a man connected in any way with the papers referred to has ever given a red cent, not to speak of a dollar, for the cause of Ireland. That, however, is their own look out. There is no law in this country to compel men to subscribe toward any cause in which they have neither interest nor belief; but, at the same time, it does not come with good grace from them to roast other people of more patriotic or generous disposition. But roasting is, at present, the order of the day in the Chicago press, so far as Ireland and the Irish are concerned. To be roasted in a general way is, sometimes, not objectionable. It is, in fact, occasionally healthy, because it helps to clear the social or political atmosphere, but to have any particular element or cause turned on a spit in a manner that smacks of persecution only provokes ill feeling and bitter retort.

The Chicago *Herald* has been in sour temper relative to the Irish question, and everything connected therewith, of late. The following under the caption "Dr. O'Reilly's Folly," appeared in that journal of last Tuesday morning: "The treasurer of the Land League, Dr. O'Reilly, of Detroit, has taken an excellent way to attract attention to himself by circulating the stupid allegation that the newspapers printing reports of a misuse of the Irish League funds have been 'bought with British gold.' Such a remark doubtless gauges very accurately the average intelligence of the people who pay money into the hands of these professional patriots, but it will not be generally accepted as conclusive evidence that such money has been wisely or honestly expended. Dr. O'Reilly is so anxious for an investigation of his books that he should have one forthwith. This is the first intimation we have had that he or any other Land League treasurer was ever expected to keep any books."

Among the many prominent Irishmen and Americans who have subscribed in this city toward the Irish National League fund—some of them as high as thousands—may be mentioned the late Michael Keeley and the still living Col. W. P. Rend, Thomas Lynch, John J. McGrath, Joseph Medill, Melville E. Stone, Judge Moran, Judge Prendergast, M. W. Kerwin, Bernard Callaghan, Michael Cudahy, John Cudahy, William Fogarty, John M. Carroll, Bernard Curtis, Judge Tuley, William Garvey, Col. P. J. Hennessy, John J. Fitzgibbon, Frank Agnew, P. M. Hennessy, Thomas Shaughnessy, Frank D. Kinsella, W. F. MacLaughlin, James J. Egan, J. M. Cleary, Daniel Corkery, John M. Smyth, and hundreds of others, all personal friends of the gentleman who is believed to be chief owner of the *Herald*. He has known most of them for a generation, at least, and the *Herald* might as well have doubted his own "average intelligence" as theirs.

THE CITIZEN has no official knowledge of the method of keeping accounts in the Irish National League. It only knows that up to within a few weeks no charge of financial irregularity has been made in that connection. It is true that no convention of the League has been called since 1886, which is, in the opinion of THE CITIZEN, a mistake. As far as our recollection serves, we believed that on, at least, one occasion, the convention was postponed at the request of the Irish party, which desired to send over a delegation to represent it. Nothing ought to stand in the way now. President Fitzgerald and the other officers—THE CITIZEN urges it in the most friendly and fraternal spirit—should not, on any account, postpone a convention longer. Further putting off will only give rise to suspicion, which we believe to be entirely unjust as directed against the reverend and estimable Treasurer. It is due to Dr. O'Reilly, as well as to the Irish cause, that there should be no further delay. The press of the country has taken up the cry of financial irregularity, and it must be met and refuted promptly and publicly. There is no way out of it for the officers of the League. It is hinted that the alleged irregularity has reference to the diverting of the funds from the channel in which they were supposed to run to another channel whose objects were essentially different. THE CITIZEN does not believe a word of it, but, in order that all doubt may be set at rest, let the convention be summoned, and, as the League is a perfectly open organization, let the public have the true inwardness of the matter.

THE FOURTH OF MARCH COMMITTEE.

The committee appointed to make arrangements for the proper celebration of March 4—Robert Emmet's Day—in this city meets every Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, in McCoy's Hotel. The chairman is J. J. Mahoney; secretary, Hugh K. Jordan, and treasurer, William Gavin. Central Music Hall has been secured for the occasion, and prominent speakers from abroad have been invited and have accepted. An excellent musical and literary programme has been arranged, and nothing will be left undone to make the demonstration a credit to the cause of Irish nationality.

FATHER MICHAEL WELBY.

THE CITIZEN has never announced the death of a good man and a devoted priest with more genuine sorrow than it now records that of the Rev. Father Michael Welby, late pastor of St. Mary's church, Freeport, Ill. The sad event, as reported in the *Freeport Democrat* of Jan. 27, occurred in the following manner: "Those who worship at St. Mary's Roman Catholic church here have occasion for feeling sad. Their worthy pastor, Rev. Michael Welby, is no more. He passed away on Jan. 18 at the American Hospital, in the City of Mexico, and the following day, away off in a strange land, he was laid at rest. Rev. Father Kalvalege received a letter containing the sad news. It was written by Rev. Father Fischer, who officiated here in an early day. It appears that, in company with Father Fischer, who officiates at St. Anthony's church, of Chicago, he went to Mount Popocatapetl on Thursday, Jan 16, and on returning they called on the American consul. Father Welby complained of chills, and the consul advised him to go to the American Hospital, which he at once did, and he seemed to be in a fair way of recovery, so much so that early Saturday the Rev. Father Fischer left him to go to Puebla, a city near by, and when he returned to the hospital on Sunday he was shocked to learn that Father Welby had died and been buried. He passed away Saturday forenoon, Jan. 18, and was buried at 7 o'clock on Sunday morning, Jan. 19. The news of the death of Father Welby was quite a shock to Father Horan, and all others connected with St. Mary's. While no one had heard from him since his departure on the 7th of January, it was thought a letter would arrive this week.

"The Rev. Michael Welby was a native of Ireland and was about 60 years of age. He came to this country when quite young. Nearly a quarter of a century ago he was ordained to the priesthood at Santa Fe, N. M., and since then had traveled quite extensively. He had officiated at St. Louis, Chicago, Peoria and other places, and was at Pecatonica about ten years ago, and in his latter years at Aurora, and at the Cathedral in Chicago. On the transfer of Father Mangan to Joliet in 1887, Father Welby was appointed to take charge of St. Mary's parish, arriving here on Oct. 28, 1887.

"The deceased was highly educated, and was a master of several languages. He was a gentleman held in high esteem, and in Freeport he counted many warm friends outside of his church, all of whom will learn with regret his demise. Personally Father Welby was one of the most genial of gentlemen. He gathered about him many good friends, and when it was learned he was to take a trip for three months, with the hope that his health might improve, many were the prayers that were uttered in his behalf. Loved and respected while alive, Father Welby's death is a sad loss to the many here who regarded him very highly."

THE CITIZEN desires to add to the tribute of Mr. F. C. Donahoe, editor of the *Democrat*, some words of its own. Father Welby was one of the best Irishmen, in the strongly national sense, that ever sprang from Irish soil, and, as an American citizen, who revered the institutions of his adopted country, he was second to none. He was, in church matters, a strict disciplinarian but was the very soul of charity. He was simple and reserved in manner—never inclined to talk much about his sentiments, but always ready to defend them when called upon by circumstances.

It is sad that his relics should repose away there, under the shadows of the great snow clad peaks that sentinel in stately splendor the matchless valley of Mexico. But he sleeps near hero dust. The soil in which he lies buried contains the bones of the soldiers of the American army, who died fighting for their country's glory at Contreras, San Antonio, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec and the gates of the Capital. Santa Ana, too, after all his victories and defeats, sleeps there without a stone to mark his grave. His name, however, is written in blood on many a field and town from San Jacinto to Cerro Gordo, and from San Antonio to Puebla. But good Father Welby would much rather, we are sure, rest in peace beneath the Banner of the Stars, or in some romantic graveyard on a hillside in Ireland.

DEATH OF THE HON. WILLIAM BROSS.

The Hon. William Bross, ex Lieutenant Governor of this State, and one of the best known public men of Chicago, died at the family residence in this city last Monday, after a somewhat lingering illness. Gov. Bross was in his 77th year at the time of his death, having been born near Port Jervis, N.Y., on Nov. 4, 1813. He received a fine early education and graduated with high honors from Williams College in 1833. He was a professor in several colleges, and in all won the regard of his associates and pupils as a man of varied and profound learning, possessed of fine judgment and a great, broad, benevolent nature. Mr. Bross came to Chicago in 1848 and was prominently identified with this city, in every public movement, up to the failure of his health—the result of diabetes—a few years ago. He became connected with the Chicago *Tribune* in its early career, and, at the time of his death, was one of the largest stockholders in the *Tribune* company. He was elected to many important public offices, and, throughout the civil war, was one of the most vehement and uncompromising upholders of the United States government in its successful effort to maintain the Union. He was the intimate personal, as well as the strong political, friend of the illustrious Abraham Lincoln, and the two gigantic western peaks, Mounts Lincoln and Bross, both over 14,000 feet in height, will commemorate forever their names and their comradeship.

Mr. Bross was of a disposition so amiable that nobody, no matter how much he might differ from him politically or otherwise, could be his personal enemy. He had a kind word and cheery smile for all his friends and acquaintances, and, when in the mood, could tell about the best set of western stories—for he had been a great American traveler—that it was ever our privilege to listen to. He believed in treating the Indians with justice, but had no respect for them as a race. "A people," he used to say, "of whom civilization makes only beggars are no good in this republic." Possibly Mr. Bross was a little severe in his judgment of the aborigines, but there was a good deal of sound philosophy in his opinion of them. The only brother of the deceased, Col. John A. Bross, was killed in front of Petersburg, Va., at the head of his regiment, on July 30, 1864. An only daughter, Mrs. Henry D. Lloyd, survives Gov. Bross. Death has laid a heavy hand on the old familiar figures of the Chicago *Tribune* people within a very short time. Alfred Cowles, the veteran manager of the paper, preceded Gov. Bross to the grave. The Hon. Joseph Medill, editor in chief of the *Tribune*, is now about the only survivor of the many able journalists whose genius built up the paper from a small beginning to be one of the greatest organs of public opinion in the world.

HARRISON H. RIDDLEBERGER.

The death of the Hon. Harrison H. Riddleberger, of which the full particulars will be found elsewhere, causes great sadness to thousands of personal friends throughout the country, and is particularly felt by the Irish-American element of which he was an unselfish and devoted friend. He was the main cause of defeating the infamous Bayard-Salisbury extradition treaty, which would have had the effect of handing over political refugees to the tender mercies of foreign governments. Mr. Riddleberger was an officer in the Rebel army during the war and greatly distinguished himself. He accepted the result of the struggle in good faith, and devoted himself to law and journalism. His oratorical and journalistic abilities won for him the high honor of being elected Senator of the United Stated by the legislature of his native Virginia. He made quite a mark in the senate for some years, but, chiefly because of his sympathy with the Irish and his hatred of the English system of government, he was made an object of special persecution, and his failings, such as they were, were magnified exceedingly, while such undoubted virtues as he possessed were decried in proportion. Mr. Riddleberger, undoubtedly, had faults, but not enough of them to cloud the light of his genius, or to corrupt his noble heart. He was a handsome, gallant, fearless American gentleman, who loved his country according to his lights, and human liberty above all earthly things. He passed away in the prime of his manhood, lamented sincerely by those who knew him best. THE CITIZEN mourns him as one of the few representative Americans who always maintained the American idea in public life. This idea is not generally popular in our day, but a day will come when it shall be. Many Americans, now-a-days, are too fond of imitating foreign ideas and customs, and of such Mr. Riddleberger formed no part. He despised toadyism, and his reward was the hatred of toadies and the respect of independent, national Americans.

"THE CITIZEN'S" TRAVELING AGENT.

Our traveling agent, Capt. P. C. T. Breen, has been in St. Louis during the last week, and is now en route to Kansas City. He is commended to the kind consideration of all friends of THE CITIZEN. Capt. Breen desires to express his thanks in particular to Mr. M. J. Hester, of the St. Louis Fire Department, for the great assistance furnished him in his mission. Capt. Breen will return to St. Louis in the course of a few weeks.

MR. CONRAD SEIPP.

Mr. Conrad Seipp, the leading brewer of Chicago, and one of the best known German-Americans in this country, died at his residence, Michigan avenue and Thirty-third street, after an illness of some duration, on Monday. Mr. Seipp was born near Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, about 60 years ago, and came to Chicago while quite a young man. He was of an energetic and enterprising disposition, and soon made his mark in this ever bustling community. He built his business up to mighty proportions, and, while his health lasted, attended personally to all its details. His latter days were rendered melancholy by a loss of vision, and death did not come upon him without warning. He died painlessly and tranquilly, surrounded by his family and friends. Mr. Seipp was very highly respected by all his fellow citizens, as a man of large public spirit and sterling integrity. His son, Mr. William C. Seipp, ex-County treasurer, is very widely and favorably known. The business of the Seipp firm will be carried on as usual.

SILVER JUBILEE.

Tendered to the Rev. Father O'Neill by the Members of His Parish.

A grand silver jubilee was tendered to the Rev. A. O'Neill, S J., Tuesday evening at the Holy Family School by the members of that pariah and those who had at some time in the last twenty-five years been his parishioners. The large hall at the top of the school was filled with fully 2,000 people and a large number were compelled to go away unable to get in the hall. The audience was composed of representative people, among whom were: Colonel and Mrs. W. P. Rend, Mrs. D. F. Bremner, W. J. Onahan, Miss Onahan, James Mullaney, Mrs. John Broderick, Miss Broderick, Mrs. White, Mrs. John Brennock, Mrs. John Devlin, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Nolan, Capt. Ward, James A. Taylor, and P. J. Doulan.

Of the clergy there were present the Revs. Father Higgins, Condon, Vander Erden, Lehman, Van Agt, and Hogan; H. Miller, St. Louis; Hughes, Philadelphia, and F. Moener, Hamhouser, and Brother Lyserin, of the Alexian Hospital.

The hall was decorated with evergreens and flowers, and on the stage were two portraits of Father O'Neill, one of twenty-five years ago and one of to-day.

The programme of exercises was opened with an overture by the Notre Dame Orchestra, after which James A. Taylor delivered the opening address. He had been a student at the school in years gone by, and spoke feelingly in consequence. He said: "The large gathering, composed of the highest and choicest of all who attended school in the Holy Family parish, is assembled this evening to do honor to you, dear Father O'Neill, to renew friendship, and to live over again, for a few fleeting hours, the bygone school days. So far have we been scattered that in many instances we have learned for the first time of the loss of friends of the early school days, who have been compelled to surrender to the king of death, the enemy of all. It must be gratifying to you, in taking an eye sweep of this vast audience, to behold so many familiar faces of those whom you watched over in days gone by, many of whom you have not seen in years."

Mr. Taylor then reviewed Father O'Neill's work, and said that for all this they had now come to congratulate him and wish him many more happy years of life.

A piano solo by Miss Mary J. Onahan, a quartette by the Players' Club, and a harp solo by Miss Clara Murphy were all excellently done. Then W. J. Onahan was introduced, and made a very brief address, in which he touched upon the work done by the Rev. Father Damen, who founded the parish.

A soprano solo by the orchestra, and a song by Miss May Roemheld followed, and then came an address by Father P. Murphy, S J., a former student, delivered in a pleasant manner. Miss Nellie J. Turner sang a contralto solo, and a flute solo by C. E Byrne, a baritone song by J. J. Phelan, a trombone solo by J. F. O'Connell, a soprano solo by Miss Mary Callahan, a comic recitation by D. Edwards, a quintet by Miss Braddock and Messrs. Nolan, Ryan, and O'Hara; a brief speech by the Rev. Father O'Neill, and a march by the orchestra closed the evening's programme, which proved abundantly entertaining.—*Inter Ocean.*

The Chicago Hotel,

No. 156 South Clark street, near Madison, is centrally located, perfectly clean, and strictly respectable, situated over Brockway & McKee's celebrated restaurant, and yet you can get a room to yourself on the first floor for only 50 cents, baths free. Try it. P. S. CONDON, Manager.

THE MARKED M'MURROUGH

Graphic Description of Art McMurrough Kavanagh, the Intellectual Monstrosity who Recently Died in Ireland.

How the Breaking of a Crucifix Alarmed a Bigot Mother and Produced a Horrible Deformity.

The Kavanaghs, Good and Bad.

By the death of Arthur McMurrough Kavanagh, which we announced last week, a striking personality is removed from Irish political life, and the failing cause of Irish landlordism has lost an able and devoted champion. A southern contemporary, tracing his descent in a direct line from Dermot MacMurrough, and farther back to the father of Niall of the Nine Hostages, who reigned over Ireland in 353, says that the deceased—remarkable as was his family history and famous as was his lineage—was still more notorious for a physical deformity of body united to a very high order of intellect and mental endowments. In spite of physical defects unique in their character—for he was born bereft of legs or arms—Arthur MacMurrough Kavanagh, by indomitable force of will and by ingenious contrivances that would have done credit to a professor of legerdemain, became an active participator in all outdoor amusements; he hunted, shot and fished with considerable skill. He attained a recognized position of eminence at the grand jury and other local boards. He even became one of the leading representatives of the Tory party in parliament. In the arena of Westminster, and, indeed, in the other public positions which he assumed from time to time, he seemed to have very little sense of his affliction; and when he was carried into the house of commons, or bundled into a railway carriage like a sack of merchandise on the back of his valet, and deposited on the seat, he seemed quite unconscious of any sense of incongruity in an exhibition that amazed and horrified all who witnessed it. Since he was ousted from the representation of Carlow at the memorable election of 1880, the leading public role he played has been as the chief of the Land Corporation Company. He planned and launched the enterprise that was to drive back the tenants to the state of serfdom and helplessness from which the Land League had brought them. We all know that the scheme, designed to be a vast engine of rackrenting and oppression, has proved a miserable fizzle, and is now succeeded by a kindred combination—the Smith-Barry Syndicate. It must be allowed that Mr. Kavanagh, as a landlord, compared favorably with many of his class. In recent years he showed a disposition to accept the inevitable, take as much as he could get, and settle with his tenants under the Land acts of 1881 and 1887, and comparatively few of his cases came before the land court. But if he was not personally harsh in his dealings with his tenants, it cannot be forgotten that he devoted his time and abilities to sustain the rackrenters and exterminators of our countrymen, and to preserve for himself and his class all the feudal exactions of a cruel and tyrannical land system.

Of all the great Leinster families that stand prominently forward in the history of Ireland, none hold a more distinguished place than the Kavanaghs. The race is coeval with the commencement of Irish chivalry and romance. The banners of the high-spirited clan outhung in the valleys of Idrone and their spears gleamed on the bright waters of the Barrow at a time when the antlered elk wandered—a giant of his race—on the heights of Mount Leinster. The very bogs that dot the surface of the country were dense forests bright with foliage nestling in the valleys of Idrone, while yet the race was in its infancy. Their name is writ large in the annals of the country, and for weal or woe the history of the race is intimately associated and interwoven with that of Ireland. Saints and prophets, mitred abbots and warlike chiefs glitter along the family page; and the name of one, Dermot MacMurrough, stands pre-eminent in the unfortunately long roll of the false and treacherous. The name of Kavanagh commences with Donald *Coomhnach* (the handsome), natural son of Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster, "who brought the Norman o'er." He was fostered and reared up and educated by the *Coarb* or ecclesiastical successor of St. Kevin, and his descendants long ruled as Lords of Leinster. The tribe would appear to have soon repented of the acts of the false Dermot, for from 1172 downwards their history is one series of uprisings and insurrections, culminating in the days of Art MacMurrough, who, in 1399, defeated in several pitched battles the forces of King Richard in the defiles of Catherlough, and hunted that monarch and his beaten, starving men into Dublin. This gallant chief was poisoned by his enemies at Ross and was buried in St. Mullins—the sorrow of the people was exhibited by the immense funeral procession which reached from Ross to St. Mullins. Thence afterwards the history of the clan is one of mingled prosperity and disaster, warring with the English forces of the Pale and their Irish allies. Since the apostacy of the family from the Catholic faith the Kavanaghs have been estranged from the people whose forefathers gallantly fought for the preservation of their estates. Tom Kavanagh, father of the subject of this notice, and his brother Wat nearly one hundred years ago began to think that the discipline of the Catholic church was too strict and exacting and that they would find pastors less vigilant and more tolerant in the Protestant fold. They both therefore resolved to renounce the "errors of Popery." The Sunday of their public apostacy was a day of triumph for the zealots of the Smyly type, who on that day crowded in great numbers into the little town of Borris. Thoughtful men, however, took quite a different view of the Kavanaghs' defection from the faith of their fathers. The opinion was voiced by a Protestant gentleman named Bagenal, who knew thoroughly well why it was the Kavanaghs deserted the Catholic church. Outside in the streets the doings of the day were, of course, the subject of conversation among the gentleman assembled on the occasion. "Well," said Mr. Bagenal, "the Kavanaghs are damned fools. They entered the church to-day the first Catholics of the kingdom, and they have left it the last Protestants." Some years after, Wat, the elder brother, died in a hotel in Dublin on his return home from England. Father Walsh, the then parish priest of Borris, happened to be in the same hotel at the time. Kavanagh sent for him, returned to the religion of his youth, received at his hands the last sacraments, and expired with all the signs of sincere repentence. Tom, the younger brother, succeeded to the family estates, and from the manner of his life made it manifest why he threw off the restraints of the Catholic church and became a renegade. After some years of a dissolute life he married a lady of the house of Ormonde, by whom he had a numerous family, who, with their mother, died, with one or two exceptions, at an early age. After some time he again married Lady Harriet Le Poer Trench, of the Clancarty family. This woman will be long remembered in Borris on account of her proselytising efforts and her rabid hatred of the Catholic religion. Lady Harriet was endowed with a high order of intelligence, which was still further developed by a superior education. She devoted her energies to the seduction of the poor of the surrounding district from the faith for which their fathers had sacrificed all the world holds dear. She got the souping system into full swing. The hungry were bribed with beef, bread and broth. The naked were bought with blankets, *breatheen* and brogues. Some miserable creatures, impelled by hunger and the promptings of deep distress, went over for a while, but they all shortly returned. The illustrious "J. K. L." was then bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. He resolved to pay a visit to Borris to caution the poor people against the seductions of the Big House and to denounce the doings of the Kavanaghs. All the surrounding parishes got notice of the day of his visitation, and tens of thousands assembled to hear the voice of their great bishop. The church of Borris, though capacious, could contain but a fraction of the immense congregation. So his lordship was forced to address the assembled people in the open air. Our readers may easily imagine the powerful and scathing eloquence with which "J. K L." annihilated the vile apostate and his souping consort. There are some still alive who were present on that memorable day. He uttered a prophecy which was verified so soon by the startling event that all who heard it were amazed and many were terrified. "My good people (said the bishop), something will happen at Borris House at no distant day that will make the ears of all who hear it tingle." In some months afterwards the lately deceased head of the Borris house was born. He came into the world a strong, vigorous infant, but a mere trunk without legs or arms. The news spread like wildfire. Everyone asked everyone else, 'Oh, did you hear the news?" "Did you hear about Kavanagh's child?" "Don't you remember what the bishop said?" They all did remember it. They raised their hands and eyes towards heaven and said: "Glory be to God," and the truncated body was for years known as "Doctor Doyle's child." There used to be various stories current about other progeny of Tom Kavanagh's marriage with Lady Harriet, which received little credit outside the nursery circle. However, Tom Kavanagh for years before his death was an object of commiseration to all who saw him. He had, strange to say, completely lost the use of his legs and arms, and eventually was reduced to a state of complete imbecility. "Dr. Doyle's child" had two brothers and a sister older than himself. One of the brothers died suddenly in France. The eldest son, the morning of his intended wedding day, was found burnt almost to a cinder in his own bed room. There are explanations of this phenomenon of the late Mr. Kavanagh's birth. In Borris House, before the apostacy of the brothers, there was a beautiful little chapel fitted up in the richest style. It was simply locked and left untouched during Tom's first marriage. Lady Harriet, however, could not tolerate the "abomination of Popery" under her roof, and she resolved to have it dismantled. Among other ornaments in the *capella* was a fine crucifix in ivory—a *chef d'ouvre* of Roman sculpture. In making such crucifixes the arms and legs are carved separately and then attached to the body. Lady Harriet, in her burning hatred for everything Catholic, should superintend the desecration of the sanctuary. The workmen, likely not adverting to the great weight of the ivory, let the crucifix slip from their hands. It fell with such force on the floor, at Lady Harriet's feet, that the legs and arms fell off. She was greatly startled at seeing the truncated figure. Some months after "Dr. Doyle's child" was born. He grew up a child of considerable capacity, carefully cultured, and of amazing audacity, as is evident from his career. He did not content himself with home life, but traveled all over the world, and, as we have said, took a prominent part in the public affairs of the country. He was a J. P. of Carlow and Kilkenny, he was Lord Lieutenant of county Carlow, and a member of the Privy Council. He had property in Carlow, Wexford, and Kilkenny. He represented Wexford in parliament from 1866 to 1868, and Carlow from 1869 to 1880. He married in 1855 Frances Mary, only surviving child of the Rev. Joseph Fordo Leathly, and leaves issue three sons and three daughters. The memorable election of 1880, when Mr. Kavanagh and Mr. Henry Bruen were defeated by Mr. R. Dwyer Gray and Mr. McFarlane, was a remarkable uprising of the people against Tory misrepresentation. Mr. Kavanagh, it is said, never recovered the shock of his defeat. His funeral took place in Borris on Monday. He is succeeded in his estates by his eldest son, Mr. Walter Kavanagh.—*Dublin Freeman.*

FOR THE CURE of the inflammation and congestion called "a cold in the head" there is more potency in Ely's Cream Balm than in anything else it is possible to prescribe. This preparation has for years past been making a brilliant success as a remedy for cold in the head, catarrh and hay fever. Used in the initial stages of these complaints Cream Balm prevents any serious development of the symptoms, while almost numberless cases are on record of radical cures of chronic catarrh, after all other modes of treatment have failed.

SEEING STARS.

The New Chief of Police Issues an Order Which has the Effect of Increasing the Heavenly Bodies.

Several New Constellations Evolved Out of the old Firmamental Formations.

Why is not John Byrne a Captain?

45. Inspector Frederick Ebersold is hereby assigned to duty in command of the First division, with headquarters at the First Precinct Station.

46. Captains Nicholas Hunt, Simon O'Donnell, A. W. Hathaway, and George W. Hubbard, having been appointed inspectors, are hereby assigned to duty in command of inspection divisions as follows, viz:

Inspector Nicholas Hunt, Second division; headquarters at Ninth Precinct Station.

Inspector Simon O'Donnell, Third division; headquarters at Sixteenth Precinct Station.

Inspector A. W. Hathaway, Fourth division; headquarters at Twenty fifth Precinct Station.

Inspector George W. Hubbard, Fifth division; headquarters at Thirteenth Precinct Station.

47. Lieutenants Michael Brennan, Herman Schuettler, Edward Laughlin, Martin Hayes, Joseph Kipley, Charles G. Koch, Elisha E. Lloyd, John D. Shea, and Horace M. Elliott, are hereby promoted to the rank of captains.

48. Capt. Herman Scourtler is hereby transferred from the Fifth district to police headquarters.

49. Capt. E. E Lloyd is hereby transferred from the First to the Seventh district, vice N. Hunt, promoted.

50. Capt. Edward Laughlin is hereby transferred from the Third to the First district, vice E E. Lloyd promoted and transferred.

51. Capt. Martin Hayes is hereby transferred from the First and assigned to duty in command of the Third district, vice E. Laughlin, promoted and transferred.

52. Capt. Joseph Kipley is hereby transferred from the Sixth and assigned to duty in command of the Fourth district, vice A. W. Hathaway.

53. Capt. Charles G. Koch is hereby transferred from the Tenth and assigned to duty in command of the Fifth district, vice Herman Schuettler, promoted and transferred.

54. Capt. John D. Shea is hereby transferred from the Sixth and assigned to duty in command of the Tenth district, vice Charles G. Koch, promoted and transferred.

55 William Ward, having this day been reinstated as captain of police, is hereby assigned to duty in command of the Second district, vice Simon O'Donnell.

56. Capt. S. A. Danforth, of the Ninth district, having this day been reduced to the rank of lieutenant, is hereby transferred to the Seventh district and assigned to duty in command of the fourteenth precinct.

57. Capt. Horace M. Elliott is hereby transferred from headquarters and assigned to duty in command of the Ninth district, vice S. A. Danforth.

58. The resignation of Lieut. Madison Beadell, of the Sixth district, has this day been accepted, to take effect immediately.

59 Lieut. Peter Bannon of the Second district and Adam Fife of the Fourth district, have this day been reduced to the rank of patrolmen.

60. Patrol Sergeants Alfred M. Clark, James Madden, John Wheeler, Max Kipley, James Bowler, Charles Rehm, Edward Cosgrove, James B Kelley, Louis Golden, Christian Kennig, Richard J. Moore, John Enright, Desk Sergeant John L. Mahoney and Patrolman James P. Stanton are hereby promoted to the rank of lieutenants.

61. Lieut. A. C. Burdick is hereby transferred from the First district and assigned to duty in command of detective office, vice Horace M. Elliott.

62. Lieut. Richard A. Sheppard is hereby transferred from detective department to the First district and assigned to duty at the First Precinct Station.

63. Lieut. Alfred M. Clark is hereby assigned to duty at detective office, vice Lieut. Sheppard transferred.

64. Lieut. Charles M. Day is hereby transferred from the First to the Sixth district and assigned to duty in command of the Fourth precinct, vice Lieut. Beadell resigned.

65. Lieut. James Madden is hereby assigned to duty at the First Precinct Station.

66. Lieut. John Byrne is hereby transferred from the Sixth to the First district and assigned to duty in command of the Second precinct, vice M. Hayes promoted and transferred.

67. Lieut. John Wheeler is hereby assigned to duty in command of the Twenty-eighth precinct vice Adams Fife, reduced.

68. Lieut. Max Kipley is hereby transferred from the Fifth to the First district and assigned to duty at the Taird Precinct Station, vice A. C. Burdick, transferred.

69. Lieuts. Edward Cosgrove and James Bowler, of the Second and Forth districts respectively, are hereby transferred to the Sixth district and assigned to duty at the Fifth Precinct Station, vice Lieuts Kipley and Byrne, transferred.

70. Lieut. August Bleitner is hereby transferred from the Sixteenth to the Seventeenth precinct, and Lieut. John Rehm is hereby transferred from the Seventeenth to the Sixteenth precinct.

71. Lieut. James B. Kelly is hereby transferred from the Third to the Second district and assigned to duty at the Sixteenth Precinct Station, vice Peter Bannon reduced.

72. Daniel Duffy having been reinstated as lieutenant of police, is hereby assigned to duty at the Sixth Precinct Station, vice John D. Shea, transferred.

73. Lieut. Francis Penzen is hereby transferred from the Twenty-seventh to the Twenty-fifth precinct and Lieut. E. H. Steele is transferred from the Twenty-fifth to the Twenty seventh precinct.

74. Lieut. Charles Rehm is hereby transferred from the Thirty second to the Thirtieth Precinct Station.

75 Lieut Frank P. Barcal is hereby transferred from the Fifth to the Tenth district and assigned to duty at the Thirty-third Precinct Station.

76 Lieut. Louis Golden is hereby transferred from the Thirtieth to the Thirty second Precinct Station.

77. Lieut. Christian Kennig is hereby assigned to duty in command of the Twenty ninth Precinct.

78 Lieut. J. W. Joslyn is hereby transferred from the Eighth to the Ninth district.

79. Lieut. Thomas C. Kane is hereby transferred from the Seventh to the Ninth district.

80. Lieut. James P. Stanton is hereby assigned to duty in command of the Twenty first Precinct.

81. Lieut. Richard J. Moore is hereby assigned to duty in command of the Fifteenth Precinct.

82. Lieut. John Enright is hereby assigned to duty in command of the Twentieth Precinct.

83 Lieut. John L. Mahoney is hereby assigned to duty in command of the Thirteenth Precinct.

84 Desk Serg't J. E. Ptacek and Patrolmen Thomas H. Moran, James Carmody, J. J. Mahony, J. F. Moore, W. K. Stahl, Timothy Barrett, Luke P. Colleran, Geo. Hutchinson, Michael J. Schute, and Paul Kollock are hereby promoted to patrol sergeants.

85. Serg't James Conick is hereby transferred from the Second to the Third Precinct.

86 Serg't John E. Ptacek is hereby transferred from headquarters to the First district, and assigned to duty at the Second Precinct Station, vice Serg't Conick transferred.

87. Serg't J. J. Mahoney is hereby assigned to duty at the Seventeenth Precinct Station, vice Ed. Cosgrove promoted and transferred.

88. Serg't Luke P. Colleran is hereby transferred from the central detail to the Second district and assigned to duty at the Eighteenth Precinct station, vice John Enright, promoted.

89 Serg't J. F. Moore is hereby transferred from the central detail to the Third district and assigned to duty at the Twenty-second Precinct Station, vice James B. Kelly, promoted.

90. Serg't William K. Stahl is hereby transferred and assigned to duty at the Twenty seventh Precinct Station, vice John Wheeler, promoted and transferred.

91. Serg't George Hutchinson is hereby transferred from the Fifth to the Fourth district and assigned to duty at the Twenty sixth Precinct Station, vice James Bowler, transfersed.

92 Serg't Michael J. Schute is hereby assigned to duty at the Thirty second Precinct Station.

93 Serg't Paul Kollock is hereby assigned to duty at the Twenty first Precinct Station, Serg't James Carmody at the Fifteenth Precinct Station, and Serg't Timothy Barrett transferred to the Seventh district and assigned to the Thirteenth precinct Station.

MATRIMONIAL.

M'ENERNEY-HENNESSY.

Mr James McEnerney, a popular young lawyer of this city, was united in marriage to Miss Florence Hennessy at St. James' Catholic church on Thursday evening, Jan. 23. Dr. J. F. Way acted as best man, and Miss Stella Hennessy, sister of the bride, as bridesmaid. The nuptial ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Hugh McGuire, pastor of St. James, assisted by the Rev. Father Lonergan of St. John's parish. Only the immediate friends of the contracting parties were present. Supper was served at the residence of the bride's mother, No. 3243 Forest avenue. The young couple, accompanied by the best wishes of all who know them, left on the evening train for an Eastern bridal trip and will be absent several weeks.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. M. B. Hereley and daughter are spending the winter in Florida.

Resolutions of Condolence.

The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Parnell branch of the Irish National League of Nashville, Tenn., at its regular meeting, on Sunday, Jan. 26:

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God in His inscrutable wisdom to summon to his eternal home the esteemed ex Senator Harrison H. Riddleberger of Virginia, and

Whereas, It is but meet and just that a fitting tribute of respect should be accorded to the memory of him whose warm heart, generous nature, nobility of soul and high principle of honor endeared him to us all and bound us to him in indissoluble ties of friendship for the able manner in which he helped to defeat the English extradition treaty in the United States Senate.

Resolved, That in the death of Senator Riddleberger Ireland has lost one of her ablest and best American champions, a man who was ever ready to defend her cause openly and defiantly both in the Senate as well as anywhere else where she needed the voice of sympathy or the hand of assistance.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the family of the deceased in the affliction with which it has pleased Divine Providence to afflict them, and commend them for consolation to Him who does all things for the best and whose chastisements are ment in mercy.

Resolved, That a copy of the above preamble and resolutions be suitably engrossed and sent to the sorrowful family of the deceased, and that they be published in the Nashville papers and spread on the records of the society.

JOHN O'BRIENE
BARNEY MCCABE,
JAMES GREELY,
JOHN LEONARD,
JAMES KILLELEA,
Committee on Resolutions.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

JOSEPHINE TEMPLETON.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

Oh, just when soft, and smooth, and white,
Across the western prairies,
Lay velvet snows, and low and light
As trumpets blown by fairies,
Rang wandering winds,
A message came
That sounded strange and eerie
Within the home that had but known
All pleasant sounds and cheery.

"Come, child," it said, and she who was
A happy wife and mother,
Though just a child herself, because
Her sweet soul could not smother
All childhood's gladness,
Bravely rose,
With smile serene and tender,
And heart that heard the Master's word
With most supreme surrender.

And out across the western wild,
And out across the prairie,
With just the fond faith of a child
That cannot change or vary,
She went away;
And those who stood
At dusk of dawn beside her,
Could only murmur, "God is good,
And may His love betide her!"

O, just when soft, and smooth, and white,
Across the western prairies,
Lay velvet snows, and low and light
As trumpets blown by fairies
Rang wandering winds,
I knew that none
Could bitter memories cherish
Of one within whose presence sin
And pettiness did perish.

And now, when from the west, where she,
A girl-bride, came in gladness,
They bear her back all mournfully,
In sorrow and in sadness;
Just this we know,
Will ever feel,
While years keep coming, going,
That those who knew her loved her, and
Are nobler for the knowing!

—*Chicago Tribune, Jan. 26.*

IRISH-AMERICAN DEATH ROLL.

BEEGAN—Jan. 27, No. 207 East Twenty-fourth place, Julia Beegan, mother of John Beegan, aged 73 years.

BOLGER—Jan. 26, Prof. Thomas F., dearly beloved husband of Annie Bolger, aged 31 years; member of Court Fidelity, No. 37, I.O.F.

BRADY—Jan. 25, at No. 210 Maxwell street, Mary Z. Brady, aged 30 years.

CAHILL—John Thomas, beloved son of Bartholomew Cahill, aged 25 years and 2 months.

CARROLL—Jan. 25, at No. 642 South Ashland avenue, Thomas J. Carroll, member of Court Fidelity, No. 37, I.O.F., aged 31 years, 3 months and 11 days.

DIETRICH—At No. 4819 Bishop street, Mary Dietrich (nee Gleason), beloved wife of John Dietrich, aged 25 years.

DIGNAN—At No. 29 DeKovan street, Peter Dignan, brother of Mrs. Gennett, aged 21 years.

DILLON—Jan. 26, at No. 143 North Robey street, William Dillon, son of John Dillon.

DONIFAN—Jan. 25, at No. 235 Ewing street, James Donifan, aged 70 years.

FARLEY—Jan. 26, at No. 229 South Morgan street, Mary, beloved wife of Patrick Farley.

MAGEE—Harry J., only son of James E. and Matey Magee, aged 6 weeks.

MAGUIRE—Jan. 26, at the residence of Mrs. C. Fitzsimmons, No. 376 Wells street, Rose Maguire.

MITCHELL—Jan. 25, at No. 282 West Fifteenth street, Patrick Mitchell, beloved husband of Hannah Hewson, aged 73 years, a native of King's county, Ireland, parish of Melane.

RONAN—Jan. 27, Mary, oldest daughter of Andrew and Bridget Ronan, aged 12 years and 2 months.

SALMON—At the residence of her daughter, Mrs. M. Kennedy, No. 156 East Ohio street, Mary, beloved wife of Lawrence Salmon, aged 76.

WHALEN—Jan. 25, at No. 102 Sherman street, Mrs. Margaret Whalen, aged 45 years.

FITZGERALD—Jan. 26, James Patrick, infant son of Thomas and Kate Fitzgerald (nee Ryan), agee 10 months and 14 days.

GANEY—Jan. 26, at No. 2914 Parnell avenue, Kate, widow of the late David Ganey.

HAYES—Jan. 27, Ellen, beloved wife of Michael C. Hayes.

HINCHEY—Daniel, beloved husband of Mary Hinchey (nee Waters), aged 43 years.

KENNY—Jan. 27, at No. 5302 Aberdeen street, Joseph, beloved son of Dennis and Katharine Kenny, aged 3 years.

LYNCH—Jan. 24, at No. 3618 Sixty-third street, Elizabeth Lynch, aged 89 years.

RICE—Jan. 24, at No. 790 Kedzie avenue, Mrs. Owen Rice.

RYAN—Jan. 24, Thomas J., beloved son of Bridget and the late John Ryan, and only brother of Edward A. Ryan, aged 27 years and 3 months.

SMITH—Jan. 24, John F., beloved husband of Kittie Smith (nee Garry), aged 36 years.

SMITH—Jan. 21, at Twenty-ninth street and Portland avenue, Joseph P. Smith, aged 26 years.

SMITH—Eddie, son of Patrick and the late Margaret Smith, aged 7 years, 2 months and 17 days.

BROWN—Jan. 22, at No. 3154 Ullmer street, Mary, beloved wife of Thomas Brown and daughter of Patrick and Catherine Lavelle.

CASHION—At No. 74 Nebraska street, Mamie, youngest and beloved daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Cashion, aged 11 months and 25 days.

DONNELLY—Jan. 23, at No 3812 Lowe avenue, Mary F., beloved daughter of James and Katie Donnelly, aged 1 year.

DUNN—At No 2917 Wentworth avenue, John Dunn, native of county Wexford, Milltown, Ireland, aged 82 years.

GARTIN—Jan. 24, at No. 371 Carroll avenue, Philomene Gartin, aged 50 years 5 months and 5 days.

GLEASON—Jan. 29, at No. 117 Lytle street, John Gleason, aged 56 years.

HICKEY—Jan. 24, wife of the late James, mother of Mary, Michael and Thomas, and of the late Patrick Hickey, native of county Clare, Ireland, aged 69 years.

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MR. FINERTY'S BOOK.

The Manuscript of the Volume on the Sioux Wars, of 1876 and 1879, Which Opened Dakota, Wyoming and Montana Fully to Settlement, Now Ready for the Press.

Mr. John F. Finerty has finished the manuscript of his forthcoming historical volume of personal experiences in the field, as war correspondent for the Chicago *Times*, during the great Sioux war of 1876, conducted by Generals Crook and Terry, in which General Custer and his immediate command perished, and which terminated the year following in the surrender of the war chief, Crazy Horse, with the main body of the hostiles; and also of Gen. Miles' expedition against Sitting Bull's band in Northern Montana, during the summer of 1879. As correspondent in the field for the Chicago *Times*, the editor of THE CITIZEN was an eye-witness of both campaigns, and his volume will contain an authentic account of those stirring scenes which made the years mentioned memorable in American history. The march, the camp, the bivouac, the buffalo hunt, the battle, the scout and the skirmish, will give a variety of adventure such as no experience of civilized warfare could furnish. As those two wars virtually terminated the stubbornly held power of the warlike Sioux tribes in the great West their history cannot fail to be interesting to every officer and enlisted man of the United States Army, and also to the American people at large. It will be the aim of the writer to keep alive his readers' interest in the narrative, without deviating from military exactness. In order, however, to satisfy the demands of the purely military reader, and, at the same time avoid dryness in the body of the volume, he will publish, in the form of an appendix, such official documents bearing on the campaigns in question as may be of importance.

The writer also accompanied the column of Gen. Merritt, which went to the rescue of the survivors of Maj. Thornburgh's detachment on Milk river, Colorado, in the fall of 1879, when the Ute Indians rose in rebellion and murdered their agent and his assistants; and he was with Gen. Eugene A. Carr, when that officer campaigned against the White Mountain Apaches, who had murdered Capt. Hentig and some soldiers of the Sixth Cavalry in the Cibicu valley, Arizona, in 1881. But these latter experiences, if compiled with Sioux campaigns, would make too bulky a volume, and their publication will be a matter for future action.

A good deal has been written in "dribs and drabs," as it were, of Indian campaigning in several of our territories, and much of it has been highly interesting; but the work now in course of preparation will have the advantage of having been written —the foundation of it, at least—in the very midst of the scenes and incidents which it will describe. There will be no attempt at picturesque exaggeration, because, in all truth, the experiences of the Sioux War excelled anything that the human imagination could create. Therefore, whatever merit the book may possess will be due quite as much to the opportunities of the author as to his qualifications as a historian.

The principal surviving officers who held command in the expeditions and scouts which John F. Finerty accompanied were: Major Gen. George Crook; Brigadier Gen. Nelson A. Miles; Brig. Gen. Wesley Merritt; Bvt. Maj Gen. Eugene A. Carr, colonel of the Sixth cavalry; Col. W. B. Royall, late of the Fourth cavalry, retired; Col. A. W. Evans, Third cavalry; Bvt. Colonel and Major Guy V. Henry, Ninth cavalry; Bvt. Colonel and Maj. Anson Mills, Tenth cavalry; Bvt. Col. and Maj. H. E. Noyes, U. S. A.; Col. T. H. Stanton, U.S.A.; Col. Alex. Chambers, U. S.A.; Maj A. S Burt, U.S.A.; Maj. Luhn, U.S.A.; Maj. Burke, Fourteenth infantry; Maj. P. D. Vroom, U. S. A.; Maj. T. C. Tupper, Sixth cavalry; Major G. M. Randall, Twenty-third infantry; Capt. Charles King, U. S. A., the famed military novelist, late of the Fifth cavalry, retired; Capt. John G. Bourke, Third cavalry, formerly aid to Gen. Crook; Capt. Rice, Fifth infantry; Capt. Baldwin, Fifth infantry; Lieut. O. F. Long, Fifth infantry; Lieut. Frederick W. Sibley, Second cavalry, commander of the celebrated "Sibley Scout," of which Mr. Finerty was the only journalistic attache; and a number of others more or less distinguished.

The details of publication have been nearly completed, but it is settled that the volume will be put before the public at popular prices, and in good form. When all the details of publishing the book have been agreed upon, due announcement will be made in these columns and elsewhere.

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THE CITIZEN

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THE CITIZEN.

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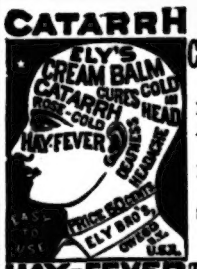

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LOST ILLUSIONS.

This is the fairy forest of my dream,
Where heroes rode in glittering armor dight—
And the tall trees in the pale moonshine seem
To whisper tales of long ago, to-night.

Methinks the flowers are hushed in sleep, nor see
The mystic symbols which upon the moss
The white moon casts through yonder swaying tree—
Where I in solitary search must cross.

Is is the same old fairy forest still;
But where are all the heroes dressed in gold?
And where the nymphs who beckoned me until
I thought them real—ere yet the world was old?

I seek them now, but they elude my quest;
Lost dreams of youth and faith are ne'er restored;—
For I myself am he whose hands did wrest
The substance from the visions I adored.
—Felix N. Gerson in Philadelphia Ledger.

ONE SUBSCRIBER.

Phœbe Mumford came down to breakfast one morning in very low spirits. There seemed no doubt that the mortgage would be foreclosed at last. Her father's mind failed more and more. Everything was forlorn and wretched. She had been gazing at a rose colored picture of the past to which distance lent enchantment. She saw her buxom, comfortable, loving mother; her young aunts, who petted her; a kind though grave father; a lover, Billy Barton, who adored her, and went away to sea and who had not been heard of since. There was a little misunderstanding that she was too proud to explain. Now how gray and dull was life! The dear mother gone, and though doubtless she watched over her daughter, human eyes cannot see those loving angels. The aunts married; one in California, one in Colorado, one in Canada, with families of their own. The father changed, since the terrible illness that followed his wife's sudden death, to a trembling, querulous shadow, who requited all her love and tenderness by finding fault with her for her having been born a girl.

"If I had a son," he used to say, "things wouldn't go to rack and ruin while I'm poorly. It's the only fault I ever found with your good mother, that she had a girl instead of a boy."

"Poor father! he used to be so different," Phœbe would say to herself; "and it is a shame that I am not a young man."

But still, when a woman finds herself unappreciated, her heart must ache.

A son never would have made the feeble old man so comfortable, waited on him so patiently, spared him so much. The "bound girl," little Hannah Jane, from the poor house, was bright and tractable, but there was still much to do; all woman's work, though; nothing that could keep the heavy mortgage from foreclosing, or the man who farmed what land there was left "on shares" from cheating them unmercifully; nothing that brought money in.

Phœbe felt that, and it pained her more than the thought that her thirtieth birthday was close at hand, though no woman ever lived who did not shrink from that thought with a shiver of horror.

Wiping the tears away, Miss Phœbe left the table and took up the newspaper—a big New York paper full of politics, which she read to her father every day and which was almost his only pleasure. She glanced down the column of deaths and marriages, and saw there no name that she knew. She read an account of the appearance of the sea serpent at the shore near a certain hotel, and of a frightful murder that made her blood run cold. She read the wise words of the weather prophet, who predicted a rising barometer, and glanced over the advertisements. "Spinkins' electric collar button, warranted to cure everything," offered testimonials from kings and warriors, and tempted her to go down and buy one for pa—or would, had she had the money to throw away on a cruel imposture.

DOBBS & CO., on receipt of ten cents and a stamped and directed envelope, will send to any lady or gentleman directions how to make a fortune at their own homes.

She was not much impressed by this magnificent offer. But here was something:

WANTED in our office, a lady of education and refinement, a good talker, who has read a great deal. Salary $50 per week. Apply at once in person. Church member preferred.
COZZEN & CO.,
No. — —— street.

"Dear me!" cried Phœbe to herself, "fifty dollars a week! I think I am refined. I certainly have had a good education. I read everything I can get to read. I am a church member. If I could get the place, I could go to business regularly like a man, give pa most of the fifty dollars a week, save the place, perhaps, and certainly buy the electric collar button."

Visions of her father restored to health and vigorous old age; of the mortgage paid off; of herself kneeling at her father's feet while his hands rested on her head and said: "My daughter, I no longer regret that God never gave me a son, since he sent me you," rushed through her mind. She slipped from the big horse hair covered arm chair, and, kneeling before it, hid her face in its great dimpled back, and with her handkerchief to her eyes, prayed to be helped. And when she arose it seemed to her that a strong, unseen hand led her; that there could be nothing to fear or dread; nothing before her but success.

She gave her father his breakfast with many smiles, and fairly laughed when he said: "Now, if you were a boy you could just go along with me to the polls and vote for Puffingham. I want that man to be elected; he's got the right views about property. But you're a girl, poor thing—a girl."

Little he knew what was in her mind. She read the political articles through and had just time to catch the train, giving Hannah Jane directions for the dinner,

"If I get the place, old Mrs. Williams must come and live here," she said to herself, as she walked. "I'd feel perfectly safe then, and she'd be glad to have the spare room and her board:"

A fresh color was on her cheek, and a bright sparkle in her eye as she stepped into the car. She wore her very best things—precious and well saved—but she must look her best. And she did; for hope is as great a beautifier as fresh bonnet strings, and when reaching No. — —— street she climbed the long and rather dirty stairs until she reached the office of Cozzen & Co., with a hopeful heart.

The door of the room stood open. The opposite roofs were visible through the unshaded windows. Some girls stood at a table folding pamphlets; others sat at another directing envelopes. Behind a barricade of walnut desk and iron railing sat a portly gentleman, bland, and wearing a good deal of white hair, from which a pair of round, black eyes, and a very round nose, blackened at the nostrils with snuff, peered out and gave him the appearance of one of those poodles which belles of years ago were fond of carrying about with them.

Another lady, with downcast eyes, was gliding from the room; and another woman, with rather a coarse manner, tossed her head in indignation as she pushed past the first.

"Poor things! they have applied for the place and have not got it," said Phœbe; but she could not feel sorry.

The portly gentleman arose behind his railings as she looked toward him, and bowed.

"Walk in," he said.

Phœbe also bowed politely.

"Your advertisement"—she faltered.

"Yes, yes," said the gentleman, "I understand. We have had throngs of ladies here. H'm! Sit down."

"I do not know what your position is, sir," said Phœbe, feeling very brave—almost like the son her father had always wished for, she thought; "but I can do my best. I have an education. I am a church member. I read a great deal. I think I can talk a little on a subject I understand. And amongst so many books"—she glanced at the shelves—"I certainly should find the employment congenial; only I must go out of town every night."

"That would be very easy," said the gentleman. "You could arrange your hours to suit yourself. You are exactly the person we want. I see in your face that expression I look for in vain in so many faces—intelligence." The gentleman gave a little leap on his chair and spread his hands abroad. "Vivacity!" He repeated the action. "And with a fine personal appearance. You are the very woman we need. I speak in a purely business way. We must think of these things. You suit us."

Could it be? Could it be? Phœbe trembled with joy. Fifty dollars a week—her dreams realized—her father happy! Meanwhile the gentleman arose from his seat.

"This," said he, taking a thick volume from a shelf, "is the volume."

Phœbe looked at it with a happy smile and waited for more.

"Have you ever taken subscriptions?" asked the gentleman.

"No," said Phœbe; "but I"——

"Ah, yes, you will be very successful, I am sure," said the gentleman. "We give you a list of streets, numbers, names of residents. You call with the book; ask to see Mrs. So and So, or Mr. So and So; send up your name; your card is preferable. You rise when the person enters; say 'How do you do, Mrs. So and So? I feel that you would be interested in this work and called to show it to you.' You then talk in such a manner that the person subscribes for the book. On receiving the money we give you the percentage. You see?"

"Yes," said poor Phœbe, who, under the revulsion of feeling, was on the verge of a fainting fit. "Yes. It is like the man with 'Dosem's Family Medicine,' and the other books, who comes to our house sometimes. But you give fifty dollars per week?"

"Fifty, dear madam!" cried the man, laughing and rubbing his hands gayly. "At ten cents on each book you can easily get a hundred subscribers a day—six hundred a week; sixty dollars for the six days' work. With your mesmeric power—I see it in your eyes—you will make more."

Poor Phœbe began to feel better. It would be terrible work; not at all what she supposed; but—anything, anything for father and the homestead!

"This is a specimen copy," said the gentleman. "You buy this little book for your names. It has a pencil attached; twenty-five cents. And you leave one dollar deposit for the book."

"Is that necessary?" sighed Phœbe.

"Well, we exact it of all," said the amiable Mr. Cozzen. "What would you have? We can't make exceptions; we should offend others."

Phœbe paid the dollar and a quarter, took the book and walked away, glancing at the outline of her "beat," which was far up town.

The book was a collection of receipts, advice to youth, selections from Bryant's poems and fun from old jest books. It had also many patent medicine advertisements bound between its covers, and four or five portraits of "beauties" with their heads on one side and a simpering smile upon their faces.

Poor Phœbe! she hoped against hope as the street car took her up town, and still cherished much more of that comforting emotion than could have been expected, when her feet touched the red hot flagstones of Fifty-seventh street, and the tall residences stared down at her with half their doors closed with those wooden barriers that say to all who look, "Family gone to Europe." But yet there were steps that might be climbed, and Miss Mumford climbed them patiently.

She saw a sweet, old lady, who beamed on her and said:

"We've such a large library now, we can't really add to it. There's not room in the house for another book."

She saw a sarcastic lady, who said:

"Greatly obliged for the attention. It is a wonderful book—wonderful, but I couldn't understand it. I have to read lighter things. My brain, you know, won't bear too much."

She saw a decided lady, who said:

"No, no, indeed! oh, no!" and opened the door.

She saw a contemptuous young lady, who simply shook her head, and rang for a footman to "show this person out."

Then she saw a grandpapa with a dyed mustache and an eye glass, who was gallant and offensive. Then she received many "not at homes" from angry servants, who knew her errand well, and felt that they had been troubled to open the door unnecessarily. After many long, hot, wasted hours she found that her next number was a drug store, and entered it, thankful for its cool shadow. She was hot, thirsty, wretched. She longed for a glass of the ice cold soda water, but had only a little change, which must serve for fares, in her pocket.

She stood before the counter and repeated her little story—her talk about the book. The druggist smiled as he glanced at the volume.

"I vould not half such drash in mine house," he said. "You vaste your dime mit a book like dis."

"It seems worthless to me," said poor Phœbe, sighing.

"You get dook in, like some oder beoples, mit dem rascals," said the German. "You look dired, madame, and not vell. Go home and rest—I atvise you as a doctor."

A customer, who had been looking at her, threw down the price of a tooth brush he had bought, and seizing his purchase, followed Phœbe out of the door.

"Let me see your book, madame," he said. "Very nice; I'll subscribe. Give me your book, I'll write my name and residence."

He did so. Phœbe thanked him, and tried to read it, but the letters danced before her eyes. Her head was so hot, so heavy, she must go back to Mr. Cozzen's, get her dollar, give in her subscription, tell him that she had failed. She would feel better after she had rested, she thought—better. How kind that man had been. But he subscribed for her book—she knew it well—out of sheer pity; as one gives alms to a beggar.

She was in Mr. Cozzen's office again. He looked at her out of his bush of white hair. His black eyes and black nose more poodle like than before.

She had wasted her day, risked sunstroke, failed in her effort, and crushed her hopes. What did he care, if he had one subscription more? A book agent was almost sure to get one, and hundreds toiled over the earth every day with the same results.

"Very foolish to give it up so," he declared. "The first day never counts. I have ladies on my list making a hundred dollars a week who got no subscribers on the first day, and— Oh, your dollar? Yes, yes! And here is your percentage—ten cents. But you ought not to despair when you have secured the name of Capt. Barton on your list. Well, good-day."

She was gone, threading the streets that led to the ferry. The boat first; then the train. Was that the train coming? What a roar! How black it was! She staggered, but she did not fall to the ground. Some one caught her in his arms.

Out of darkness, out of rest, out of strange communion with her mother in another world, Phœbe floated back to life again. A woman sat beside her and fanned her.

"She's all right now," said a voice of the family doctor order. "Only faintness; not sunstroke."

Then peace again; and waking, much better.

"My poor father!" she sighed. "He must be so terrified! Some one has been so kind; but let me get to my father at once."

"All in good time," said the motherly woman at her side.

"Your father won't be anxious, Phœbe," said a man, and her only subscriber stepped where she could see him. "I found your name and address in your little note book. I went and told him you'd be home to-morrow. You don't remember me, Phœbe?"

Phœbe smoothed her dress and sat up on the chintz couch and looked at the speaker.

"You subscribed for my book," she said.

"But before that," said the man. "Before I had a beard and went away to sea with no hopes of being captain. Don't you know Billy Barton, Phœbe!"

"Oh!" cried Phœbe. "Is it you?"

"I thought I knew you," said Capt. Barton. "I followed you, wondering if I dared speak; and you looked so ill. So I was there when you fainted."

He took her hand and held it and lifted it to his lips before he put it down.

"The same sweet girl," he said, softly. "Good night. Peggy will take good care of you. Every one who falls sick at this hotel knows Peggy."

By next morning Phœbe was well again, but Capt. Barton insisted on seeing her home.

"What did pa say?" she asked. "Are you sure he was not worried?"

"He said," replied the captain, with a smile, "that girls are never to be depended on, and that if he had had a son he never would have cut up such pranks."

Phœbe felt the tears rise to her eyes.

"The old gentleman is very much broken," said Capt. Barton. "He does want a son as well as daughter; don't you think so Phœbe?"

When he said that, he looked like the Billy Barton of the long gone times.

A few months afterward he asked the same question, adding:

"Won't I do?"

And so it came to pass that Phœbe, instead of ending her life as a solitary spinster, married a man who loved her truly. The mortgage was paid off the old place, and the farm was no longer managed on shares. And the old gentleman, what with freedom from care and luxurious living, grew stronger and brighter in every way; much fonder of his daughter, too, as in the olden time. So that one day when Phœbe Barton came down to breakfast and sat waiting for those other two, and thinking of the day with which this story begins, she laughed softly to herself and declared:

"And I'm really the happiest woman in the world today, I believe, after all."
—Mary Kyle Dallas in New York Ledger.

DRANK HUMAN BLOOD.

A Disgusting Discovery Near Kansas City.

VERY PECULIAR RELIGIOUS SECT.

On the Biblical Injunction to Do Good to the Sick One Wilcox Organizes a Gang of Blood-Suckers Which He Calls "Samaritans"—Terribly Revolting Discoveries Made by the Humane Society—Two Young Victims.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 27.—For some time rumors of the existence of a new religious sect which has gained a foothold in the territory adjacent to the Blue river, just east of Kansas City, have been afloat, and they have reached the ears of the police. The secretary of the Humane society recently received a letter from a man living in that neighborhood telling him that if the authorities did not interfere the people would take the matter into their own hands. According to the reports, the practices of the sect were founded upon the Biblical injunction to do good to the sick; but this injunction had been carried to such an extent that the sect had degenerated into a band of blood-suckers—those who were well allowing themselves to be bled for those who were ill. Officer Marran's investigation of the matter proved that the letter to Secretary Hackett had not told half of the horrible practices in vogue among the people who believed in the savage rites.

Advocated Blood Drinking.

About a year ago there appeared among the people of that neighborhood a man named Silas Wilcox who went about the country preaching the doctrine of doing good for the sick. It was not long until he had a sufficient number of converts to his theories to warrant him in founding a sect, which he called the "Samaritans." Gradually he widened his teachings to his little band until he openly advocated the drinking of blood for all diseases, giving as authority for such action the fact that the Bible taught that the blood was the life.

At the home of John Wrinkle were found two emaciated children. On the bed lay Wrinkle, who was apparently in the last stages of consumption. When questioned about drinking the blood of the children he strenuously denied having done so. The children also denied it.

Gave Their Blood Willingly.

Their bloodless appearance, however, excited the suspicion of the officer, and he compelled them to show their arms. The limbs were in a terrible condition, being covered with scars around the inside of the elbow joint, showing plainly the effects of the bleeding. When confronted with the evidence of the truth of the accusation Wrinkle acknowledged that he availed himself of the opportunity and asserted that the children had willingly given their blood to restore him to health. The man was in such a condition that he could not be moved, but the children were taken from the house and placed in the Children's home. Chief Speers is anxious to put a stop to the practices of the blood drinkers, but it appears there is no law which covers the case and nothing can be done.

The House Committee on Territories.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 27.—The hearing before the house committee on territories on the bill for the organization of Oklahoma, ended Monday. Horace Speed, of Guthrie, the secretary of the Cherokee commission; Representative Hare, of Texas; Dr. R. W. Hill, attorney for the Cherokee nation, and M. J. Miles, agent of the Osage Indian agency, spoke on the various features of the bill, each opposing some special feature. On Wednesday argument will be heard on the bill admitting Idaho as a state, and on Saturday persons interested in the bill admitting Wyoming will appear.

Another Postoffice Robbery West.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. H., Jan. 27.—Three men entered the postoffice early Sunday morning, locked the night clerk in closet, and took $600 from the safe. The contents of six registered pouches, one of them containing Lincoln county bonds, with coupons attached and valuable letters were also taken. The total amount of the burglars' haul is estimated at $10,000, including the bonds, which, however, they will not probably try to negotiate.

Attempted Train Wrecking.

OIL CITY, Pa., Jan. 27.—A deliberate attempt to wreck the Western New York and Pennsylvania passenger train which arrives here from Buffalo at 9 p. m. was made Sunday night. The switch was opened and spiked, while the target was fixed so it showed the signal for a clear track. The train was derailed, but fortunately beyond the severe shaking up of the passengers none were injured. There is no clew to the perpetrators.

A Good Sporting Bet.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 27.—Last week's Chicago Horseman contained an offer from George Middleton, owner of the grey gelding Jack, to match Jack against Belle Hamlim on the following conditions: For a stake of $30,000; the two horses are to be entered in the regular free-for-all race through the grand circuit, including Detroit, and which ever horse makes the best average position in that class through the circuit shall take the entire amount.

Weeping in a Court Room.

WEST UNION, Iowa, Jan. 27.—Men and women shed tears Saturday night when the jury which has been trying Mrs. Rosier for murder brought in a verdict of acquittal after being out forty-eight hours, and Mrs. Rosier sobbed aloud as friends and strangers pressed forward to congratulate her. Much sympathy has been felt for her on account of the bad character of the man whom she killed. One of the jurors held out for conviction, but was finally persuaded that the killing was done in self-defense.

A Disastrous Snowslide.

DOWNIEVILLE, Cal., Jan. 27.—A house at Logansville, ten miles from here, was buried by a snowslide during a storm Sunday and two of its inmates killed. Fear prevails in Sierra City of another slide. Many families have abandoned their homes and have taken refuge in the lower tunnel of the Butte mine. Two houses there are already reported to have been crushed in by slides. A Chinaman started from Sierra City to his cabin, about a mile distant, but lost his way in the deep snow and perished

Will Wait Until After Election.

BERLIN, Jan. 27.—The coal miners of the Bochum district have resolved, on account of the approaching elections for the reichstag, to defer their proposed strike until March 1.

Death of a Noted Ex-Confederate.

MERIDIAN, Miss., Jan. 27.—J. W. Reade, captain of the board of harbormasters of New Orleans, and a well-known Confederate naval officer, died Sunday morning of pneumonia.

A laundrymaid's hope
is the SANTA · CLAUS · SOAP.
For it saves both her time and her labor,
And she'll find that her clothes with a brilliancy glows
And are softer than those of her neighbor.
SANTA CLAUS SOAP
Manufactured only by
E. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
CHICAGO.

NOVEL AND NEWSPAPER.

The Latter Said to Be Intrenching Upon the Former.

Very often we hear that this is the age of the novel, but quite as often do we hear that it is also the age of the newspaper. Slight observation would be needed to establish the truth of either statement. One has only to see the woeful exhibit of pirated paper books on the stalls of hotels and railway stations for at least a partial understanding of how fiction almost usurps, at present, the entire domain of belles-lettres; and with respect to the much belauded "enterprise" of journalism, what weightier evidence could be presented than that of the bulky quintuple and sextuple sheets which now and then rear their presumptuous little hillocks from our breakfast tables? In the latter it would appear as if all phases of life eventually find portrayal.

Though it may be iron in the soul of the novelist to say so, the newspaper has actually achieved a style. Grammar, forsooth! We must look to our own verbs and nominatives nowadays, lest Printing House square prod our choicest prose with its pen and hold up before merciless throngs a hideous, wriggling blunder of whose existence we had not dreamed. Day after day we stare, wide eyed, upon certain "effects" lavishly thrown away, as we can't help calling it, on the merest ephemeral descriptions. And then we have a pang of envy when we tell ourselves that nervous and forcible writing can actually be accomplished, like this, by a man who knows he is of necessity only manufacturing "alms for oblivion."

We, the professional novelists, have grown so careful how we fling any precious bits of art into that huge and fathomless ocean of the "unsigned." We begin to look on the ethical side of the question, and to assure ourselves that this writing as well as a fellow can write, without caring a fig for any fame that may come of it, is a rather excellent straight jacket for the egotist. Then the modern journalist, by his calm capacity, wrought of drill and discipline, can waken in the sensitive man of letters a pang of shame. Here is our famous Robinson, pet of the publishers, who can't write, let us say, except with a certain kind of pen, at a certain kind of desk, seated on a certain kind of chair bottom and amid sepulchral silence. But with Jones, firm of nerve and unspoiled by daintiness, it is quite a different matter. He can reel you off his astonishingly good "copy" in a tiny little room that smells of sour paste and trembles with the cacophonies of the elevated.

Now that realism has gained such headway with the big public of novel readers, the newspaper is becoming all the more a rival of the fictionist. So close is the analogy between their productions that the reporter constantly speaks of his own and his comrades' work as a good or bad "story," and unquestionably so regards it. The instant that such effort as this deserves to be called literature, its challenge grows a more than formidable one. Not long ago I read in a New York newspaper a description of an execution on which, as it seemed to me, had been bestowed eloquence and care of a very striking kind. In their thirst for actuality, one is prone to ask why readers should not prefer literary power when thus expended upon narratives that are fragments of living fact. Beyond doubt a preference of the sort is augmenting, and one with its increase directly proportionate to the skill and strength of our developing journalists.

Any one who glances through a newspaper of the best character might be apt to pronounce it in some respects a unique and spirited story book. Its tales are treated with a reserve and dignity of expression that are no doubt the heritage bequeathed us by great dead stylists. At the same time they have nothing of the old fashioned "beginning, middle and end" about them. They sometimes "turn out" with all the dismal abruptness beloved by the Russian story tellers. There is too frequetly neither a conventional hero nor heroine, and only a few grizzly glimpses of humanity serve to replace their absence. The stream of narration runs between ragged banks and with haphazard current, but we feel that it mirrors no imagined sky, and that the weeds trailing in its tides are a growth of no mythic meadows. When invested with authentic art these little histories make very pungent and memorable reading. Besides, if there be a cult, a wave of tendency, in their direction, all the more must they demand respectful heed.

It is not so very long ago that "plot" was an imperative essential in the English novel, and to this popular requirement Dickens again and again unhesitatingly, though often bunglingly, bowed. Thackeray, however, had from the first sneered at the ancient methods, and we all remember that passage in the early part of "Vanity Fair," where the humor now seems so cumbrous, and where he tells us that he might have made it a dark and tempestuous night instead of the sunshiny day in Mayfair that it had the commonplace misfortune really to be. For Thackeray, both to his frantic devotees and his more rational observers, must be admitted as the first real English naturalist in fiction after Fielding. * * * The world moves along, in spite of certain well meant, if misdirected, efforts to the contrary. And no stronger proof of this could be brought forward than the way in which naturalistic novel writing is today being justified and confirmed as a desired and prized form of art by the tendency of the modern newspaper.

Will it also, in the course of time, be eclipsed by the newspaper as well? I confess that I sometimes tremble for the craft of which I am an earnest, if humble, representative, when I see with what force and finish a thousand topics are treated. * * * Innumerable actors in the immense human comedy are sketched with vivid fidelity and sometimes appealing power. One can imagine Balzac himself reading with amazement and admiration a file of our modern newspaper. —Edgar Fawcett in Belford's Magazine.

Websteriana.

An interesting anecdote of Daniel Webster is given by Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman in his article on "Bygone Days in Boston" in The North American Review. Webster was delivering an address in Faneuil hall on the necessity for individual exertion and unflinching patriotism to avert the dangers that threatened the political party whose principles he espoused, when he perceived a terrible sway of the packed assembly (consequent on the rush of those endeavoring to enter) and noted the danger that might ensue.

The orator stopped short in the middle of a sentence, advanced to the edge of the platform, extended his arms in an authoritative attitude, and, in a stentorian voice of command, cried out: "Let each man stand firm!" The effect was instantaneous. Each man stood firm; the great heaving mass of humanity regained its equilibrium and, save the long breath of relief that filled the air, perfect stillness ensued. "That," exclaimed the great orator, "is what we call self government!"—so apt an illustration of the principle he was expounding that the vast audience responded with deafening cheers.

Burne-Jones' Greatest Work.

According to the London correspondent of The Liverpool Post, Mr. Burne-Jones is nearly approaching the completion of the greatest work of his life. It is a commission he undertook many years ago for Mr. Agnew, and upon which he has bestowed an infinitude of loving care. The subject is found in the old legend of the Briary Rose, which Tennyson put into verse nearly sixty years ago.

Every one knows the story as told in the dainty verse of "The Day Dream," with its pictures of the sleeping palace, the sleeping beauty, the arrival of the fairy prince with "joyful eyes, and lighter footed than the fox;" how he broke the charm that lapped his love in sleep and how:

Over the hills and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess followed him.

Mr. Burne-Jones tells the story in his own way in four pictures of colossal proportion and infinite beauty. The work is so far forward that there is hope of its being exhibited in Bond street next year.

Masculine.

Tom, who had been forbidden to climb trees in his new trousers, had disobeyed, and was receiving a lecture from his father for injuring his clothing.

Fearing that a flogging was to follow, Tom sought to create a diversion.

"Pa," he exclaimed, "my teacher says some plants are masculine gender and some feminine; now I know which trees are—do you?"

The father's curiosity was excited; he was fairly trapped. "No," he said, "which are they?"

"Masculine," said Tom, "'cause they wear boy's pants,"—and for that time he escaped the switch.—Youth's Companion.

Apt Scholars.

There have been only two train robberies on the Mexican Central railroad since it was completed. The robbers started in with great enthusiasm, but so did the government, capturing and killing every one implicated, and now a veteran brigand sits on a rock and sees a passenger train whirl by without even wondering how many drummers and diamond pins are aboard.—Detroit Free Press.

FREAKS OF FASCINATION.

Each Man Has His Ideal, and, Very Fortunately, Tastes Differ.

Dame Nature plays strange freaks with men's minds. If one of the many enterprising newspapers of the day was to inaugurate a competition in which every man had to give an accurate description of the kind of woman most prone to fascinate him, many readers would, I think, be astonished.

Noah Webster's definition of the word fascination is, "The exercise of a powerful or irresistible influence on the affections and passions," and he gives as secondary explanation, "Unseen, inexplicable influence, witchcraft, enchantment." In the words "inexplicable influence" the learned doctor seems to have summed up neatly the whole question. Who can explain what is frequently the case, that of two men of as nearly as possible the same cast of mind, the one will find a woman irresistibly fascinating, while on the other she might not exert the slightest attractive influence? Such a problem is as hard to solve as why the guileless rabbit, instead of putting his best leg forward and making a bolt, circles round the snake, which he knows only too well intends to make a meal of him.

The wise heathen Aristotle said: "No man loves but that he is first delighted with comeliness and beauty, and beauty is for the most part the bait which lures a victim into the meshes of the snare, but not always." Dr. Webster, too, seems to imply by his definition that in the power of fascination, whether exercised by man or woman, there lurks a certain sexual affinity. Yet one of the most fascinating women of history was Germaine Necker, afterwards Mme. de Stael, though contemporaneous record tells us that she was anything but a beauty, and that her dress was not only hideous, but sinned against every principle of good taste.

Women, however, whose names will be handed down to posterity as having founded noted salons, or having provided the magnetic influence to gather a brilliant coterie of wit and talent, have, for the most part, been beautiful. "Beauty is the common object of all love: as lots draw a straw, so doth beauty love." Beauty will always attract, at any rate momentarily; but most men, if they find that a lovely face is but a mask covering a void cranium, will cease to flutter around the flame. There are, however, striking exceptions to this rule on record.

Perhaps the best instance is that of the infatuation of Prince Maurice de Talleyrand, once Abbe de Perigord and bishop of Autun, for that lovely blonde, Mme. Grant, afterward Mme. Talleyrand. Her gross stupidity was proverbial, and furnished amusement for the salons of Mme. de Stael and others, which her husband frequented.

But in the majority of cases something more is necessary than comeliness of face to really fascinate men, especially such men as the "Prince of Diplomats," and this something is the instinctive faculty which enables a woman to adapt her mind to and enter into the spirit of her companion for the time being.

Thus, in my own experience, I have seen a learned professor discoursing eloquently on the scupture of ancient Greece to a young lady whose tastes were in reality centered in dogs and horses. Had he known her true proclivities, he would have stood aghast at such utter barbarism; yet such was her genial, sympathetic influence on his mind that he pronounced her the most charming of her sex—second only, of course, to his stout and learned wife. Had the intercourse been indefinitely prolonged, doubtless the potency of the spell would have vanished; for, in reality, there was little or nothing in common between the two minds.

The power of fascination inherent in woman may, however, be divided into two kinds. All of us have seen the old lady, generally white haired, with kindly, pleasant features, on which time has set no unfriendly mark, who still retains all her attractiveness. Note how the boys and girls adore her; they will go to her and confide their sorrows, their hopes, their ambitions, even when they would not breathe a word to their mothers. The kindly, living interest in a lad's affairs by such an one has time and again first implanted the impulses in his heart which eventually led him on to an honorable career. Quickly, almost by stealth, the good is done by such, and the good seed sown which will ripen in after time into a rich and abundant crop.

On the other hand, we have most of us seen, perhaps in real life, certainly on the stage, the fascinating adventuress who, by her enthralling beaute de diable, enslaves men's souls and leads them (on the stage) to dare all for her sake. Such is directly opposed to the sweet old lady in her old fashioned chair, and these two form the opposite poles between which the women who fascinate vary.—Francis Trevelyan in Saturday Review.

The First Lightning Rod.

Everybody believes that Franklin was the inventor and constructor of the first lightning rod. In this one particular everybody is mistaken. The first lightning catcher was not invented by the great philosopher, but by a poor monk of Seuttenberg, Bohemia, who put up the first lightning rod on the palace of the curator of Preditz, Moravia, June 15, 1754. The name of the inventive monk was Prohop Dilwisch. The apparatus was composed of a pole surmounted by an iron rod, supporting twelve curved branches and terminating in as many metallic boxes filled with iron ore and inclosed by a wooden box-like cover, traversed by twenty-seven iron pointed rods, the bases of which found a resting place in the ore box. The entire system of wires was united to the earth by a large chain. The enemies of Dilwisch, jealous of his success, excited peasants of the locality against him, and, under the pretext that his lightning rod was the cause of the excessive dry weather, had the rod taken down and the inventer imprisoned. Years afterwards M. Milsen used the multiple pointed rod as an invention of his own.—St. Louis Republic.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

IS the "ideal" Hair-dressing. It restores the color to gray hair; promotes a fresh and vigorous growth; prevents the formation of dandruff; makes the hair soft and silken; and imparts a delicate but lasting perfume.

"Several months ago my hair commenced falling out, and in a few weeks my head was almost bald. I tried many remedies, but they did no good. I finally bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, after using only a part of the contents, my head was covered with a heavy growth of hair. I recommend your preparation as the best in the world."—T. Munday, Sharon Grove, Ky.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a number of years, and it has always given me satisfaction. It is an excellent dressing, prevents the hair from turning gray, insures its vigorous growth, and keeps the scalp white and clean."—Mary A. Jackson, Salem, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for promoting the growth of the hair, and think it unequaled. For restoring the hair to its original color, and for a dressing, it cannot be surpassed."—Mrs. Geo. La Fever, Eaton Rapids, Mich.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair and makes it glossy and soft. The Vigor is also a cure for dandruff."—J. W. Bowen, Editor "Enquirer," McArthur, Ohio.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past two years, and found it all it is represented to be. It restores the natural color to gray hair, causes the hair to grow freely, and keeps it soft and pliant."—Mrs. M. V. Day, Cohoes, N. Y.

"My father, at about the age of fifty, lost all the hair from the top of his head. After one month's trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor the hair began coming, and, in three months, he had a fine growth of hair of the natural color."—P. J. Cullen, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

When going to Europe,

OR SENDING FOR YOUR FRIENDS,

be sure to secure passage by one of the

MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS

OF THE FAMOUS

White Star Line

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND POPULAR

OF ALL OCEAN LINES.

The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.

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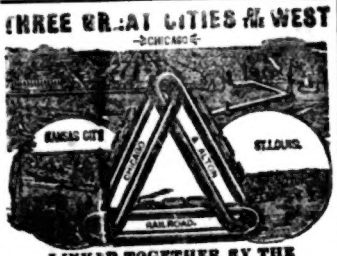

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St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Grimm, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Ann Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 451 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 533 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Ahiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 569 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

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St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlinger, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday. Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1088 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2361 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

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St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seiss, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—P Faxel, C R, 888 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, Iv. Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, Treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 300 mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Pranzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

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McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 831 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

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Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHenna, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J F Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4426 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

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Div. 33—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3109 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles F. Holbrook, 3339 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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UNION—A PLEA.

BY PATRICK J. COLEMAN.

The following thoughts were suggested by a very noble remark of our Presbyterian frend, W. W. Hanna;

Brothers, bide ye, calm and strong.
This your watchword, "Now or Never,"
We will right our country's wrong,
By one banded brave endeavor.
Whatso'er your creed may be,
Stand together, staunch and steady,
Soon the old land will be free,
Bide ye, resolute and ready.
Loyal trust 'twixt man and man,
Toss our stainless standard sunward,
Banning strife of creed and clan,
Naught can stay our progress onward.

Let the truce of God prevail,
Party feud and creed our curse is;
Tyranny can naught avail
'Gainst a people's welded forces.
East or West or South or North.
Gaelic-born or blood of Viking,
Mother Ireland calls us forth
To the freeman's stubborn striking.
Ulsterman or of the Pale,
Saxon-sprung or blood of Norman,
Viking-born or native Gael,
Servile vassalage abhor mam!

Moving on in banded might,
Brother grasping hand of brother,
We'll achieve our country's right,
Leaning each upon the other.
Vain they were in days of old,
Sword of Stuart, torch of Tuder,
All unaided by their gold
To have conquered or subdued her.
Out upon the curse of pelf!
Shall our masters aye deride us?
Feud of clan or creed or self
Never shall again divide us.

Connacht clasping Ulster's hand,
Leinster linked in firm alliance,
We will right the dear Old Land.
Fling our haughty foes defiance.
Union is our country's hope,
All together standing steady,
Partisan of kirk and Pope,
Earnest, resolute and ready,
Linked together, hand in hand,
Leaning each upon the other,
We will right the dear Old Land,
Loyal brother trusting brother.

—*Philadelphia Freeman.*

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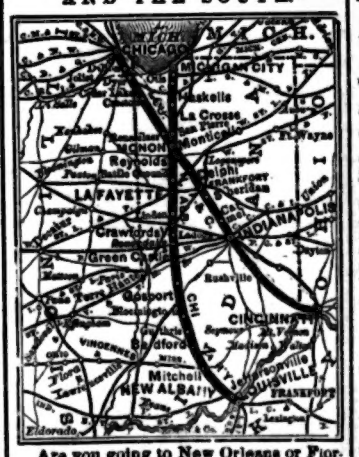

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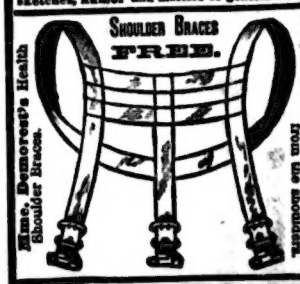

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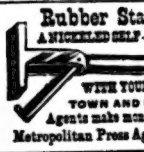

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